

motion of the earth and that the target shifts to the left and that has to be taken into consideration in firing smooth bores, but with rifled guns the drift caused by the rotation of the ball offsets his shift, or some such rule, if I read him right.

In the last great war, the gunners fired the cannon without seeing the target fired at. They would elevate the cannon and let fly and shoot the head off of a squirrel in a tree in the next county or country, the ball traveling high in the air, over the intervening hills, mountains, and valleys. They fired by maps. And if they did not have one handy of the country they sent up an airship with a camera and got a photograph. One colored trooper insisted that all the gunners needed to get a man with a cannon ball was his post office address. This firing at unseen targets is called indirect fire or defilade fire, and is about the only kind of shooting that is done in this day and time.

Milton W. Humphries worked out the science of indirect fire while serving with Bryan's Battery in the Kanawha Valley, and first practiced it at the second battle of Fayetteville. He continued to improve the theory by actual work, until it was universally accepted.

The occasion of the first firing of this kind, was when he set up his howitzer on the 19th day of May, 1863, three-fourths of a mile from Fayetteville on the Oak Hill road. The Federal forces the year before had erected well-built and extensive earth forts on the heights at that town. Humphries set up his gun in plain view of the fort and fired through an opening cut in the woods. At his third or fourth fire he hit the flagstaff in the fort cutting the colors down. Then the fort answered him with artillery shell fire which was so accurate that he shifted his gun where it would be hid by the intervening wood and from that time to night he fired on the fort some sixty-odd times.

The Federal forces withdrew during the night but occupied the same forts again the next day, and the Confederate forces withdrew towards Beckley.

The other battle at these same forts at Fayetteville had taken place September 10th, the year before.

Prof. Milton W. Humphries, the gunner, became famous after the war as one of the great educators of the country. He was at Washington College the year the war opened, and finished there after the war, and became one of the faculty under Robert E. Lee. He finished his education in Germany at the University of Leipsic and served as professor in the Vanderbilt University, the University of Texas and in the University of Virginia, where he served for twenty-five years until his retirement in 1912. He was a native of Monroe County, a son of Dr. A. C. Humphries and Mary McQuain Heiner Humphries. He has attained fame as a writer and lecturer, gunner, Greek scholar, and as one of the greatest of chess players.

The year of 1862, the Confederates under Loring occupied the Kanawha Valley and held Charleston until October 8th. On September 13, the artillery of the Confederate forces fired on Charleston all day while Gen. Lightburn, commander of the Federal forces was getting his army out of town. On that day he crossed the bridge at the mouth of Elk River with eleven hundred wagons and then burned the bridge that car-

ried him over. While Loring held Charleston, innumerable wagons appeared at the salt works and hauled salt away. It was getting scarce in the Southern States.

Loring marched back to Lewisburg with his whole force for some unexplained reason. The Federal forces occupied Charleston again and held it to the close of the war. At Lewisburg Loring was halted and he returned but failed to take Charleston. His retreat from the Kanawha is about as hard to understand as that of Floyd's the year before.

The most reasonable explanation or conjecture as to Loring moving his army a hundred miles east on the pike to Lewisburg, and his frantic effort to get back to Charleston before the Federal forces occupied it is that Loring received a command from headquarters to report at Richmond that he read to mean to bring his army with him. So much for the vagaries of the English language.

From this year 1862, the West Virginia mountains, and especially this road, was to see a great deal of a hero of American history, Gen. George Crook, the "Gray Fox" of the Indian wars. He got that nickname from his shrewdness and by reason of the fact that he wore a beard that was very much the tint and general makeup of a fox's bushy tail. He was born in Dayton, Ohio. He graduated from West Point in 1852, and immediately joined his regiment in California and saw nine years' service in keeping the Indians in order on the Pacific Coast. When the war broke out he came east as fast as he could by way of Panama, and receiving a colonel's commission he joined the 36th Ohio Volunteer Infantry at Summersville.

The next May he occupied Lewisburg, with a brigade of troops. The Confederate force sent to dislodge him from Mercer County under Gen. Heth, though much superior in number and arms, was defeated and retreated with great loss. The reason ascribed by commanders on both sides was that Crook at the beginning of the winter had erected a large building and in it had drilled his raw recruits hard and the Confederate forces were undrilled. This victory made Crook and it worsted Heth, who was relieved of his mountain command.

The people of West Virginia after the war spoke often of the Gray Fox and he was universally liked and respected for his fairness and as a capable man. He saw service in all parts of the Virginias. He got to be major general in the latter part of 1864, and was placed in command of the Department of West Virginia, with headquarters at Cumberland. In the spring of that year he was placed in command of the Kanawha Division and he fought the battle of Cloyd's Mountain, and took and burned a bridge over New River, and lay at Meadow Bluff in Greenbrier county on the pike from May 19 to June 1, the day that his army crossed the Greenbrier River on the way to the Lynchburg campaign.

After the war Crook went back from major general to lieutenant colonel and went west to fight the Indians again, and it was this period of his life that so much has been written about him by the authors of the country, and it was during these years that his fame in the west kept his memory alive in West Virginia.

He was not only a great Indian fighter but he understood the Indian character and he accomplished more by peaceful settlement than by

fighting, though he saw much of that. He conquered the Snake Indians, the Apaches, the Sioux, and the Chiricahaus. No story of Indian war for twenty years after the Civil War was considered complete without some reference to the Gray Fox. He was a quiet, soft spoken man, who dressed shabbily, and who knew the army from the ground up, and who inquired into the minute details in regard to his soldiers, their arms, stock, and equipment.

He had the distinction of working his way up to the position of major general the second time by a commission dated April 6, 1888. He died in Chicago in 1890.

In February, 1865, Crook was ordered to turn over the Department of West Virginia to Major General Benjamin F. Kelley, and take Sheridan's place in the Valley of Virginia. Kelley came to Cumberland and Crook started to Winchester. Captain Jesse McNeil's rangers had torn up the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the train backed into Cumberland. Crook went to the hotel where Kelley was stationed.

That night some twenty-odd of McNeil's rangers made a raid on Cumberland, and in the dead of night rode into the city then occupied by a Federal army and going into the hotel, woke up the two major generals and at the point of the pistol carried them off and delivered them to the Confederate authorities at Richmond.

I got the details of this exploit at first hand from Armistead Combs who was in the surprise that night, and according to his report they had no trouble in riding into Cumberland and up to the hotel, which was called the Windsor, the last time I stopped over in that city. The generals gave them no trouble, as they probably knew that there would be shooting and that death would be their portion.

This company was from Hardy County and knew all the ins and outs of the mountains, and riding with them was a man by the name of Charles J. Daily who knew all about the city and the hotel where the generals stopped.

When they delivered the major generals at Richmond, the Confederates wanted to trade them for all the prisoners in the northern prisons. The Secretary of War at Washington wanted to dismiss both generals but Grant would not stand for that. The Confederacy was on its last legs. Less than two months was to see the end of the war. The stage had been reached where it took a barrel of money to buy a barrel of flour, and a pound of money to buy a pound of bacon. But they made a quick trade with Crook, and by March 27th, Crook was on duty near Richmond in command of all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

With only fourteen days of the war remaining, Crook managed to fight four battles, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Jetersville, Sailors Creek, and Farmville, and it was Crook's cavalry that held Lee on the 9th of April, when the advance of the infantry convinced him that his case was hopeless, and he surrendered to Grant. Crook's success started at Lewisburg and it carried him through to Appomattox.

It took more than the rugged mountains to awe Crook. He was the Gray Fox of the West. And nowhere did he have more friends and admirers than those who lived along the Midland Trail.

CHAPTER X

The Mouth of the Guyandotte River and the Trail to that point from the Mouth of Coal River.

The Midland Trail was an Indian trail and not a buffalo trail. No record of any kind is extant of seeing a herd of buffaloes in the wooded slopes of West Virginia. There were many cases of solitary wood buffalo, but they differed materially from the grass-eating buffalo of the plains, and they were solitary and not gregarious. The wood buffalo did not travel all over the country. They stayed where they were put.

The old Indian trail followed the Great Kanawha to its mouth, and across the Ohio River, and that is the line of travel that General Andrew Lewis's army took in 1774, in Dunmore's War.

When the white men occupied the country and it became expedient to connect Richmond and Staunton with the traffic on the Ohio River, there was a change made in the line of travel at a very early date.

The Indian trail was followed to the mouth of Coal River, at St. Albans, on the two thousand-acre Washington survey, and there the road branches off to the south to reach the Ohio River at the mouth of the Guyan River, and that is the way that State Highway No. 3, the Midland Trail, follows.

The road began at the important town of Guyandotte and reached the top of Allegheny Mountain at the pass near White Sulphur Springs. It is hard to say when this became the great highway, but it must have been as far back as 1800. There was every reason for taking the near cut through the hills to the Kanawha River at the mouth of Coal River. It was only about forty miles. For the boats down the river there were two great highways in the north, the Braddock road, and the Pennsylvania road. But for the boats poled laboriously up the Ohio River against the current, the deep inlet formed by the Guyan River, formed a most tempting and convenient place to branch off and use the great canyon of the New River, where the mountains were rent in twain, and which led to the metropolis of Richmond, and to the sea.

A great traffic was maintained on this road long before the James River and Kanawha Turnpike was incorporated. Guyandotte and Wheeling were the two principal towns on the Ohio in Western Virginia, handling the river travel and freight. It was this transportation problem that led to the founding of those ancient towns, Barboursville and Guyandotte, and to the formation of the county of Cabell, in 1809. William H. Cabell was governor of Virginia and the new county was named in his honor.

The first court was organized when Judge Coalter arrived at Barboursville one day, soon after the formation of the county. Barboursville was the first county seat. He reported that there was considerable debate and opposition to his mission, on the grounds that the inhabitants were of a mind to try to get along without a court or grand jury, and that they did not want any protection of that kind. But Judge Coalter proceeded to organize a court. This Judge Coalter was the Staunton attorney. He

was born in Rockbridge County and was a judge of the general court and afterwards a member of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

Edmund Morris was appointed clerk of the Cabell court and James Wilson, prosecuting attorney. Lawyers qualified to practice were David Cartmill, Henry Hunter, William H. Cavendish, John Mathews, Ballard Smith, Lewis Summers, and Sylvester Woodward, afterwards attorney general of the State of New York.

A hundred years ago, Guyandotte could not compare with the metropolis of Wheeling in size but it was its rival so far as an inland port was concerned. It had about eight hundred people as compared to Wheeling's five thousand, but it was the route that many chose for goods or travel who came out of the west headed to Richmond and the ports on the Atlantic Ocean.

The sign in which Cabell County conquers is transportation from the first. About fifty-odd years ago, the great railroad builder, C. P. Huntington, came by and he was intent on joining Cincinnati and Richmond by means of a railroad, with a side service to New York, and he picked out Cabell County as the spot for the halfway place, and that carried along the plan of making Wheeling and Guyandotte the two most important West Virginia towns on the Ohio River.

Guyandotte did not know what luck had come to her, for the place that Huntington took for the town of his name was miles away from the town of Guyandotte, but the time has come when the city has reached out and included that town in its improvements and is on its way to absorb Barboursville, and right the ancient wrong of taking the courthouse away from that ancient town.

We have five or six big cities in West Virginia but all of them except Huntington are old and go back to the days of Cornstalk, but Huntington only goes back to the days of Jesse James, and the good Queen Victoria. There on some broad level lands on the banks of the Ohio River so high that it fears no flood, the great railroad man Huntington, said there was to be a city, and after a time it grew so fast that it took in Guyandotte with its brick work and paved streets, and that in a way is the oldest part of Huntington. And the wayfarer should note that Guyandotte stood on its dignity, and advanced no part of the way to join up with Huntington. She waited in all calmness and dignity for Huntington to come and get her and envelop her with city improvements.

Jesse James was a great outlaw in the days gone by, some fifty years ago. He was a sort of Rob Roy and Robin Hood and Jack Cade combined. They used to sell his life in the shape of a subscription book. I can well remember how disappointed we children were when our minister father refused to subscribe to the life of Jesse James as represented by a book agent. They say that Jesse James ravaged as far east as Huntington, and that a robbery in Huntington was actually his farthest east. Last summer at Princeton, I ran on a tradition that one day Jesse James came there to consider the advisability of robbing a bank that stood there in what was a very small village then, and that having partaken of the hospitality of the president of the bank, he stayed his hand, and left it undisturbed.

In those days, Jesse James was a great lawbreaker and hero, but he would not amount to much in this day of bootleggers and other evils. He specialized in robbing banks, and he would ride up and get a bag full of money and ride away, but he would find his occupation gone if he lived today, and he would probably have to hold up a truck load of liquor or something like that if he had to make a living for his family.

Cabell (Kabble) County was formed in 1809, from Kanawha. It was at the time that William H. Cabell was governor of Virginia, hence the name. It was a fine large county to begin with. It ran from Mason to Giles, and with Giles and Tazewell to Tug River, and with Tug River to the Ohio River and up the Ohio River to the Mason County line. Wayne, Lincoln, Mingo, Wyoming, and other counties have reduced it to its present boundaries, but with it all it has kept the old road and the brightest jewel, the city of Huntington.

There seems to be no West Virginia historian who has called attention to the part that the port of Guyandotte and the road to the mouth of Coal River and to the Kanawha River have played in the development of southern West Virginia, which, much to the mystification of the great northwest, turned up a short time ago with more than half the people of the State.

So far as I know, it was Professor Brown, of the University, the geologist, who traced strata of the earth and took note of the way the streams ran, and how the land lay, who announced some thirty-odd years ago that Huntington was destined to be the big city on the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

First the flat boats poled up the river from as far south as New Orleans and found a harbor in the still water between the high banks of the Guyan River where it entered the Ohio, and later steamboats followed the same course, to connect with the carry-across the Appalachians, by way of the great watering place, the White Sulphur Springs.

Huntington is the big Victorian city of West Virginia. It grew without noise, fuss, or confusion until the time is near at hand if not already come when it can claim its six figures in population. Many of us who belong to the Victorian age are inclined to think that the world reached the high point of valor and endeavor during those halcyon years, and that the great events of the twentieth century are builded on the sure foundation of those years, of the good queen, who kept the noiseless tenor of her way and reigned for sixty-four years. The gentle lady who as the old Irishman said had shown interest in but one piece of music in her life, when the tune was traced down and discovered it was found to be "Come where the booze is cheaper."

But with all the overwhelming bigness of Huntington, Cabell is an important farming county, having still some two thousand farms.

Thomas Hannon was the first settler. He moved from Botetourt County in the year 1796, and settled up near the Mason County line, on what was called Green Bottom. Shortly after, Thomas Buffington settled at the mouth of the Guyan River.

The earliest reference that I find to Guyandotte River is in the journal of Floyd's surveying party who made camp at the mouth of the Great Gandot on the 27th day of April, 1774. The party was at that place

thirty-seven strong, having joined some other parties of surveyors. While in camp there four Delaware Indian men with fourteen squaws and some children came to the camp and told them that there was a party of about fifty Indians on the River below them. They stopped over on the 28th of April on account of rain and proceeded to the Big Sandy on the 29th. And Nicholas Cresswell notes in his journal that on the 10th day of May, 1775, that he passed the mouth of Giandot Creek coming in from the east. These journals both show that the stream had been named previous to the times, and ~~that~~ the name was in common use and intelligible to the people of that day and time. In 1756, almost twenty years before, Gen. Andrew Lewis marched an army of 418 men to the mouth of the Big Sandy River, a few miles below the mouth of the Guyandotte, and had marched across the headwaters of that stream from the place that he left New River. Either that or around the headwaters.

The first congressmen elected in western Virginia after the secession movement were: William G. Brown, Jacob B. Blair, and Kellian V. Whaley. These men served in place of the seceding members. They were elected in 1861. Congressman Whaley was commissioned a major by Governor Pierpont and authorized to recruit a regiment. Major Whaley made his headquarters at Guyandotte and up to November 10, 1861, had enlisted about 150 men. On that date a Confederate force under Jenkins and Clarkson of twelve hundred men made a raid on Guyandotte, and captured Major Whaley and a number of his men.

It was not much of a battle. There was some firing but no one hit. Major Whaley was firing a rifle but a soldier overpowered him and commenced talking about killing the damned abolitionist, but Col. Clarkson, of the Confederacy, rode up and told the soldiers to behave themselves, and that Major Whaley was a brave man and was to be well treated. The Confederates then moved rapidly towards Barboursville, where there were other prisoners and the whole command went on a forced march and landed about Chapmanville, in Logan County. The distinguished prisoner thought they marched about forty miles that day. The prisoners had to walk at first but later they were taken up behind soldiers on the horses.

During the day a messenger overtook the cavalry and reported that Col. Zeigler, of the Union Army, had taken Confederate prisoners and burned the town of Guyandotte.

By night, Major Whaley was turned over to Captain Witcher's command, and placed under guard of eight men in a house. He woke about three in the morning and found that all the soldiers were asleep. He took Witcher's hat and his own shoes, and stepped outside, ran to the Guyandotte River and swam across. He had gone about a mile when he heard the firing of guns announcing his escape.

He climbed a mountain by daybreak. He stayed all that day in a thicket of redbush, walking most of the time in a path to and fro to keep from freezing. He had no coat and a cold wind was blowing.

When night came he started down the valley and in about two miles came on a camp of Confederate soldiers. He took to the hilltops. Next day on Harts Creek he came to a place inhabited by a family named Adkins. Here he got a boy to guide him to Keyzers Creek for two

dollars. Arriving at Keyzers Creek he found that he had but twenty-five cents, as all the rest of his money had been taken from him. He gave the twenty-five cents to Adkins and his shoes and took an old pair of moccasins the boy had worn. Whaley went on down the creek and barely escaped capture. He laid down behind a rail fence and a Confederate troop passed within six feet of him. He had been thirty-six hours without food. He went to the nearest house but could not get anything to eat. He offered the man five hundred dollars to guide him to the house of Absolom Queen. The man was a Union man but he refused from fear of the Confederates. He gave Whaley a blanket and told him how to find the Queen place.

When he got to Queen's he found a Union home guard of twenty men, and at last got something to eat.

Queen and eleven of his men then took Whaley, traveling only by night, to the Tug Fork of the Big Sandy River. They crossed over into Kentucky and stopped at the house of Roland Sammon. At night they floated in a boat down to the forks of the Big Sandy where they found about midnight the regiment of Col. Laban Moore, of Kentucky, also a member of Congress, and from there they went on to the mouth of the Big Sandy, where they were safe and were received with great rejoicing.

Whaley presented to each of Queen's men an Enfield rifle and a thousand rounds of ammunition and a lot of store goods. Absolom Queen was a veteran of the War of 1812.

The present limits of Cabell County were free from Indian raids, for the reason there were no inhabitants, but there was trouble along the border of the county as originally laid out. There was an Indian war road up the Big Sandy and the Tug rivers, on the line between Kentucky and Virginia, and over to the Blue Stone and the Roanoke settlements, that was used after the settlements in the Greenbrier Valley had blocked the Midland Trail to the Indians. Much of the trouble in the year 1774, in the summer, was occasioned by what James Robertson called the little straggling parties that came east on the Big Sandy route and killed the pioneers in their cabins. I think it was the road most used by the Mingoes that summer when Logan set out to kill and torture at least one hundred and twenty white persons, in revenge for the Yellow Creek battle.

There is one thing about Cabell County that I have always wanted to find out about, but nobody seems to know anything about it that I ask. It was reported over a hundred years ago that there was the distinct outline of an important prehistoric city, about eighteen miles up the river above the mouth of the Guyandotte on what was called Green Bottom. I understand, too, that the land was exceedingly rich and valuable and that the signs of the city were disappearing before the careful farming and improving that was being carried on.

It was said that this city had a frontage on the Ohio River of about half a mile, and that the streets were laid out in regular form so as to form a city with streets of about a hundred and sixty acres. The signs show that it was compactly built and that it was in most respects like the cities found in Central America which indicate a civilization whose other records have been lost in the passage of time.

The big mound farther up the Ohio at Moundsville, is another instance of this ancient people. The labor required to build some of these prehistoric mounds is comparable to the work that it took to erect the pyramids of Egypt.

If the place on Green Bottom was one of the ancient cities it is probably the one farthest north that has been discovered, as these are found in the southern part of the continent, as a general rule.

Cabell County is but a remnant so far as acreage is concerned, of what it was in the beginning, but it kept the tote road, that is now the Midland Trail, and the place where the big city, inconceivably fine and great, was to be built, so that she hardly misses the land that went to make up the rich counties carved out of her original boundary. Cabell is richer than ever.

One more thing. Cabell County was the point farthest north that wild cane grew in the United States, though it has long since disappeared owing to the importation of domestic cattle.

CHAPTER XI

How General William H. Powell won the Congressional Medal at Sinking Creek in the Civil War.

This story is not intended for the Midland Trail series, but it got back there of its own accord, and it belongs to that place in the west of Greenbrier County, where there is a sign "Sinking Creek."

This history business is like tracking game in the woods. One impression among many others on a game trail may cause the hunter to pause and examine it and decide that there is big game afoot, that will be worth while to follow.

And there is another way to put it. In a distant county last summer I saw an aged lawyer and passed the time of day with him, and inquired how everything was with him. And he said that he was like the rest of his profession and subsisted on the crumbs that fell from the rich men's tables.

In making up these chapters on West Virginia history, we have to depend upon fragmentary evidence and use the little odds and ends that have been preserved. It will not be that way in the future about the events that are happening every day, for there is a sufficient number of presses running in West Virginia to perpetuate them, but it is a question whether they will have the appeal that the traditions of a more primitive people have for their descendants.

What put me on inquiry in this instance was a medal awarded by Congress with this inscription: "The Congress to General William H. Powell, and 2nd West Virginia Cavalry Volunteers, Sinking Creek, Virginia, November 26, 1862."

I had heard of Powell and knew that the 2nd was one of the biggest regiments of West Virginia, with the longest continued service of any

troops of the Mountain State but I had never heard of any Sinking Creek affair and I went on a cold trail in an effort to run it down.

As I read the record the first name that it had was the 2nd Regiment Loyal Virginia Calvary which was the name when Governor Pierpont accepted their services in 1861 and mustered them in. Then after the State of West Virginia had been created and ratified by an act of Congress, the name was changed to the 2nd West Virginia Cavalry Volunteers. And if I am not very much mistaken it was a different regiment serving under the name of the Second West Virginia Mounted Infantry at Droop Mountain battle. That was the regiment that old soldiers say flinched on its way up Droop Mountain in a galling fire from Confederate riflemen, and were boosted back into line by the Tenth West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, under General T. M. Harris. They topped the mountain and were in at the victory, but that is only whispered, and there is no doubt that they reached the top and did all that was required of them.

The Second West Virginia Cavalry were mustered into service at Parkersburg and for four years were busy practically all of the time on Virginia soil. The first winter saw them with Col. James A. Garfield in Kentucky. They were here, there, and everywhere in the mountains.

In 1862, Lightburn commanded the Kanawha Division, with headquarters at Charleston, and on September 13, 1862, artillery was placed on the south side of the Kanawha, by the Confederates, and all day long the Federal Army was bombarded. Lightburn moved out with all bags and baggage from Charleston and never rested until he had nearly all of his army in Ohio. It was not on account of the cannonade, but because there was word that Loring was advancing with a vastly superior force against him.

The Second always prided itself on the fact that it did not quite cross the Ohio River. This was the occasion that Loring of the Confederates marched his army east and Lightburn marched his army west, each day widening the gap between them. Both thought discussion was the better part of valor and did not fight. When Loring got to Lewisburg, Echols took over his command and hurried the army back over the Midland Trail, but in the meantime the Federals came back and never after that gave up the Kanawha Valley. Loring's move is supposed to have been caused by an order from Richmond to come there, and that Loring thought it was an order to bring his army, when the order meant for Loring to report in person and leave his army to hold Charleston.

The Second had three colonels during its fighting years. Colonel William Bolles resigned June 25, 1862. Colonel John C. Paxton served nearly a year with signal success, but when he fell in with Edgar's Battalion on the Midland Trail near Tuckwiler Hill and lost a fight he was dismissed from the service May 7, 1863. And on May 18, Colonel William H. Powell was promoted and took the regiment over until October 19, 1864, when he was promoted to brigadier general. He was the hero of the regiment.

He was born in Wales and at the age of five years was brought to the United States. The family lived in Tennessee and Powell took up the profession of mechanical engineer and at the age of twenty-five years

he was employed to superintend the erection of a large plant near Wheeling known as the Benwood Iron and Nail Works, and from that time until the breaking out of the Civil War, found him engaged in some capacity or other in iron works in the Ohio River towns along the western border of Virginia.

In 1861, he recruited a company attached to and made a part of the Second, with Powell with the rank of captain. From the very first he made good as a commanding officer. He was promoted to major the first year of the war. The second year to lieutenant colonel. The third year to colonel. The fourth year to general. He was a steady fighter.

In 1863 he was captured at Wytheville, and he was confined in Libby Prison for thirty-seven days. Libby Prison was no first-class boarding house at the best and it is said that Col. Powell was given cruel and unusual treatment, even for that noted resort. It is said that he was confined in a cell in the basement, and that in that cell was no bed or bunk. The only food was corn bread, and his water supply was limited to one bucketful a week which was delivered to him in his dungeon on Sunday mornings. This had to last a week for drinking and washing. It soon became apparent that the Federal government was anxious to get him back and made many efforts to exchange him which were without avail until they offered Col. Richard Henry Lee, who was at Johnson's Island, and that offer was accepted, and the exchange was effected. He was given a great reception by the people of Ironton, who presented him with a gold watch, a horse and equipment, a sword, and two revolvers.

In browsing through the dispatches printed in some one hundred and thirty-nine great volumes by the government, I think I ran on the reason that Powell had such a hard time at Libby. There was a dispatch from the Confederate general, Sam Jones, notifying the war office at Richmond not to exchange Powell for the reason that a soldier had informed the general that Powell had made an assault upon the soldiers without cause, and that Powell was a dangerous man. Putting these things together it is a reasonable conjecture that there were special instructions issued both as to his exchange and treatment.

And as I searched through the records I came on some allusions to Sinking Creek and it became apparent that it was in sight of Cold Knob. Now Cold Knob is one of the high points in West Virginia mountains, and at first I could not tell whether it was on the Nicholas County side or in Greenbrier, but it must be in Greenbrier for there is where the big lime is and there is where the streams find the underground passages that cause them to be called sinking creeks.

About that time I had a business trip to make to Greenbrier County to have a conference with a lady who wanted to borrow enough to pay all her debts, and there I had no trouble to locate Sinking Creek. It heads in the forests to the southwest of Cold Knob, between the post office of Trout Valley and the town of Williamsburg, in what is called Sinking Creek Valley. It flows about half a mile west of Williamsburg, and about a mile farther down it passes under a natural bridge. It sinks at the Midland Trail on the Dick Watts farm about twelve miles west of Lewisburg. It comes to the surface again at Pierces Mill and empties into Muddy Creek which flows into Greenbrier River near Alderson.

Lightburn was criticized for abandoning the Kanawha Valley and he was relieved by General Gilmore, who assembled the army at Point Pleasant, and in a few days General Milroy took over the command, and a few days after that General Cox came and made up the army and marched them back to Charleston.

Here he prepared to go into winter quarters and the Second was ordered into winter quarters at Fort Piatt twelve miles up the Kanawha River east of Charleston. This was in the last week in October, 1862. Then Crook took them over.

On November 23, 1862, the Gray Fox issued his special order at Charleston, to Col. John C. Paxton, commanding the Second Loyal Virginia Cavalry, to take all his serviceable men on the 24th to Cold Knob, in Greenbrier County, by the way of the Summersville and Lewisburg turnpike, leaving the Kanawha River at Cannelton. On Cold Knob they would overtake Col. P. H. McLane, commanding the Eleventh Ohio Infantry, which had been ordered to that point to reinforce the Second.

From that position they were to proceed against the Fourteenth Rebel Virginia Cavalry in winter quarters in Sinking Creek Valley recruiting. Break up the organization if possible.

The Second must have been in prime condition both as to horses and men for they left early in the morning and rode through to Summersville, a distance of sixty miles, over rough roads by supper time. That night they camped at Summersville. They broke camp early on the morning of the 25th and rode towards Cold Knob, when it came on to snow and it was the beginning of one of the biggest snow storms ever in these mountains. The regiment was riding towards the uplands and the farther it went the worse the storm came on. In the smother of the storm they came upon a squad of Confederate cavalry and invited them to accompany them, which invitation was accepted. About mid afternoon somewhere in the tall timbers they halted to eat a bite and feed their horses and regard the blinding snow storm. Taking to the road again they forged ahead and somewhere between Summersville and the top of the mountain they made a bivouac for the night and got what comfort they could in the open in a snow storm. The next morning they broke the road and got to the top of a mountain. Now Cold Knob proper is a pinnacle in the Appalachians 4,318 feet high set opposite Grassy Knob, which is 4,390 feet. Between these two knobs the road tops the upland and passes them. These knobs form the gateway where the road begins to descend into Trout Valley, but to the west the road maintains its average altitude of four thousand feet for many miles. The man who goes over it first naturally expects a road that climbs a mountain to descend on the other side, but this is not so of the road between the railway station at Renick and the city of Richwood. About half the way between those points is in the clouds and the road followed one crest after another, until the weary and perplexed stranger to the route begins to think that he has traveled a hundred miles on the ridgepole of the world.

In the summer time it is a pleasure to dwell in these highlands. There the traveler feels the exhilaration of height. A man who has never been four thousand feet up in the air is in the position of one who has never

really breathed. But in the winter in a two-foot snow it is very different and very terrifying. It is no fit place to take your pleasure.

Colonel McLane's infantry had duly arrived and had been loitering along the primrose path of dalliance among the splendid cold springs of that high level. But when it came on to snow so fast and furious and the snow got so deep under foot, McLane decided to call the expedition off and they gathered their belongings together and as the Second with its fine horses and gallant men topped the rise, they met the Ohio troops going out and as they were allowed to depart in peace it is easy to be seen that the expedition was postponed until more suitable weather. The official dispatches do not read that way. Col. Paxton makes it appear that he allowed the Ohio troops to return to the lowlands, while the Second went on to give battle to the army. But it is safe to say that this report was not written until after Powell and his squad had pulled off their psychological exploit and had received the surrender of the Confederate regiment.

There are some things that do not fit in together. It is certain that a squad of twenty-two men took the Confederate regiment and came back with as many as twenty-two could drive without losing any. But I will never believe that the commander of the Second Regiment had any intention of attacking the Confederate's camp in the lowlands until after the Cold Knob road was open and free from snow. Technically the Second certainly did overcome and take prisoners the Fourteenth Virginia Confederates, but the Ohio regiment had been sent back to Summersville, and ninety per cent of the Second never did get near the camp of the Confederates. So handicapped was the squad that out of upwards of a thousand men that they surrounded, they got back to their regiment with but one hundred and eleven, as the official dispatch puts it. It does not say anything about the hundreds that simply spilled out of the hands of those twenty-two soldiers who had taken more prisoners than they could drive up the mountain towards a Federal prison.

I asked a lot of people in Greenbrier County about the Sinking Creek affair and I did not find but one person who had any knowledge of the occurrence, and that was James McClung, who pays attention to history. "Yes," he said, "they captured Uncle Sam Tyree there that day but he escaped." And I really think that about four-fifths of the prisoners either walked away or were excused.

It appears that while the Second lingered on the dreadful miles that lie along the top, that Major Wm. H. Powell and Lieutenant Jeremiah Davidson and twenty men rode on to the end of the road to the place where it pitches over the side lying next to the Greenbrier River. From this point the road descends rapidly until the fringe of the timber is reached, and from there a magnificent view of the Sinking Creek Valley on one hand is to be had, while on the other side and immediately before the observer lies the equally beautiful Trout Valley. These valleys in the summer time with their rich blue grass farms present a very lovely landscape view. The traveler on the Seneca Trail passing through Frankfort does not realize that beyond the hills to the west such peerless valleys exist. And they have a high altitude of twenty-five hundred

feet and more, and frost is no joking matter there any time in the summer.

While the blue-clad soldiers sat on their horses and gazed at the camp of their enemies silent upon the peaks of West Augusta, Powell spoke up and made a dare-devil proposition, that if the men agreed, they would simply ride down to that camp and arrest every one of the Confederate soldiers.

They were many miles from their command. The snow was deep and the day was bitterly cold. As they watched they saw two Confederate scouts pass beneath them and ride into the camp, slow and deliberate, showing that there was no intimation that the camp was about to be attacked.

Something went through that body of men that caused them to agree to Powell's proposition and the little squad came out of the timber and rode into camp, and when they had arrived there they called for the head man and assured him that if the Fourteenth would submit to superior force and surrender, they would be treated with consideration, and their lives spared, and that they would be protected from all harm and injury. And just as the sheriff in the play induces the bad men to give up their guns, so did the Fourteenth lay down its arms and agree to go home with the Federal troops.

I looked for a long time to find a report from the Confederate commanding officer concerning this act of more than Christian humility, but not a word could I find anywhere, and I wonder if any report ever did go into Richmond about it.

And I could see a glimmer of light as to what happened when the twenty-two soldiers tried to round up a regiment and drive them up the mountain. Right then is where the private soldier in the long line would take to the brush and make his way to the Big Levels of Greenbrier County where practically every home was supporting the southern cause. And that is the reason that by the time they joined the main command, but a hundred and eleven prisoners remained of the great herd they had started with.

The Gray Fox appreciated it, and from that time on Powell's advancement was rapid, and the Gray Fox did not forget the day. In 1889 when he had attained the rank of major general in the army, and was about ready to depart from this world, he wrote to Congress about it and Congress had the medal struck, and given to General Powell who had moved to Indiana and was still making iron. Crook said that he regarded the Sinking Creek bloodless battle as one of the most daring, brilliant, and successful expeditions of the whole war.

Years after Owen Wister wrote a story called "The General's Bluff," about a similar victory won by the Gray Fox with a handful of men against a great force of Indians.

CHAPTER XII

The Town of Ansted the Burial Place of Stonewall Jackson's Mother. One of the Notable Women of the Virginias.

The town of Ansted, Fayette County, lies in the curve of the road on the Midland Trail, on the brink of the New River canyon, close to the Hawk's Nest. It has been touched with the evidences of wealth that have come to the rich coal fields in the last two generations, but it has been able to keep to a greater extent than many of these poor little rich towns, that background of ancient worth and greatness, retaining some of the charm of a less complex civilization.

One of the things that is mentioned often by the visitors and tourists is that here is the last resting place of Julia Beckwith Neale, the mother of Stonewall Jackson.

In the well kept Westlake Cemetery on the hill, the grave may be seen. It is easily identified by a tablet on the railing around the grave, and the neat monument bearing the following inscription:

Here lies

Julia Beckwith Neale,

Born

February 28, 1798,

in Loudon Co., Va.

Married first

Jonathan Jackson

Second

Blake B. Woodson

Died September, 1831,

To the Mother of Stonewall

Jackson, this tribute from

one of his old brigade.

It seems that this monument was erected at an opportune time, for if it had been allowed to go much longer the place would have been hard to locate. As it was, there were a number of living witnesses to the place. Especially is this true of Mrs. Elizabeth Singleton Hamilton, the grandmother of Mrs. W. H. Evans, who was a near neighbor of the Mrs. Woodson, who nursed her in her last illness, and who prepared her body for burial.

The time has come when there ought to be another line in the inscription and that is the name of the soldier whose thoughtfulness has helped so much to enshrine the memory of this noted American woman in the hearts of her countrymen and that name should be Captain Thomas R.

* Captain Ranson caused the stone to be erected many years after the conclusion of the Civil War; about 1906, if a letter from the donor is to be taken as correctly placing the date. General Jackson had some doubt as to the exact location of his mother's grave. In August, 1855, he made a journey to Ansted for the purpose of locating the grave and causing a suitable stone to be erected; later he wrote his aunt, Mrs. Alfred Neale, of Parkersburg: "The gentleman with whom I put up was at my mother's burial and accompanied me to the cemetery for the purpose of pointing out her grave to me but I am not certain that he found it."—B. B. S.

Ranson, of Staunton, Virginia. Captain Ranson was one of the finest gentlemen who ever lived, and this act is very like him.

I belong to the school of thought who believe that all great men owe their mentality including their immortal souls to their maternal ancestor. If you would know what makes a man great look for the woman. And the hic jacet of this country graveyard is best exemplified by Gray's *Elegy*. "Full many a gem, of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear; full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air."

There are two inseparable things, a great man and his mother. And that may not mean heredity so much as it may mean the first six years of a child's life passed in the association of a wise and brilliant woman.

The life of Julia Beckwith Neale does not sound like a happy one. Dead at the age of thirty-three years, twice married, with four children.

George Neale, an uncle of Mrs. Jackson, was an important citizen of Wood County, a county that was formed in 1799, about the time he moved there. Blennerhassett made his purchase of half of the island in 1798, and as George Neale spent the rest of his life in Wood County, there can be little doubt that he was there during the Aaron Burr excitement when that politician was mustering his forces to occupy lands down the river and was putting the come hither on the Blennerhassetts. An indignation meeting was held at the courthouse of Wood County on account of the warlike preparations that Burr was making and it is apparent that the county was highly suspicious of the expedition. This meeting was in October, 1806, and on the strength of it three companies of militia volunteered and were organized to oppose the movement. This was probably caused by the effort made to recruit the citizens of Wood County to join the expedition down the river with the promise of a part of Burr's 80,000 acres of land, the men to be young, amenable to discipline, and each to bring a rifle and a blanket.

This action broke up the expedition and Burr and Blennerhassett being arrested and tried at Richmond came out of the trial broke. Blennerhassett came back after a year and found his fine estate ruined, his slaves gone, and his stock driven off, and his house wrecked. He left his estate in the hands of Col. Nathaniel Cushing on a rental contract, and shortly after notes of Aaron Burr indorsed by Herman Blennerhassett showed up in the courts and the property was sold. The first to purchase the island was John S. Lewis, a merchant of Philadelphia, and the property passed into the hands of George Neale, Sr., whose wife was a Lewis.

Julia was eight years old at the date of the Burr episode which shook Wood County and caused it to rise on the side of the United States. In 1820, she was twenty-two years old and was married that year to a young lawyer by the name of Jonathan Jackson. These Jacksons who have played such a large part in winning the west and holding it are all descended from one John Jackson, of Ulster, who emigrated to this country some time before the Revolution. He met a girl on board ship by the name of Elizabeth Cummins, and they were married and founded the Jackson family so closely identified with the history of West Vir-

ginia. They had a lot of children—George, Edward, John, Samuel, Henry, Elizabeth, Mary and Sophia.

John Jackson was one of the earliest settlers of the Tygarts Valley River, arriving there with his sons, George and Edward, in 1768, and following the Pringles on the Buckhannon River. He took up land at the mouth of Turkey Run on Buckhannon River, where the Pringles had sheltered the winter before in a hollow sycamore tree. His place was sometimes called Fort Jackson, but he was also one of the settlers who sheltered in the fort at Buckhannon. On one occasion, in 1781, just after the Tygarts Valley massacre, he and his son George were returning from their farm at Fort Buckhannon, when they were ambushed and shot at by Indians. George fired a shot at one Indian peeping around behind a tree.

George Jackson was a very prominent man and was a colonel of the militia. His son was Gen. John G. Jackson who married in the White House, Mary Payne, a sister of Dolly Madison, the wife of the President. His son was Gen. John J. Jackson, of Parkersburg, who appeared at Wheeling as one of the convention looking forward to forming the State of West Virginia. He was the delegate that thought they ought to put off decisive action until fall and all go home. It was corn planting time. His sons were Judges John J. Jackson, James Monroe Jackson and Governor Jacob Beeson Jackson.

Edward Jackson, the grandfather of Stonewall Jackson, married a Miss Hadden. He set up his plantation on the West Fork in Lewis County below Weston and close to Jane Lew. Here he established a noted mill and it is on this farm that the Four-H state camp for boys and girls is located. Edward Jackson was a surveyor, miller, and millwright. He represented Harrison and Lewis counties in the Legislature.

One of his sons was Jonathan Jackson who married Julia Beckwith Neale. In 1820, the year of his marriage, he commenced the practice of law in Clarksburg, and in four years the young couple were the parents of four children, the youngest being Stonewall Jackson, born January 21, 1824. In 1826, there was much sickness in the family, and Jonathan Jackson fell sick while nursing his sick children, and died. The family were left unprovided for. The mother kept school for three years in Clarksburg, but some notes which her husband had indorsed had to be paid and the family were sold out and the home went. This was in 1830. In that year the widow married Blake B. Woodson who was as poor as herself. He was a citizen of Lewis County. The newly married couple determined to go to the New River country. Woodson had a brother who lived on the James River and Kanawha Turnpike at Lewisburg, and Blake B. Woodson went farther west and made a home at Ansted. This home was poor enough no doubt, but Julia lived but a year or so after arriving there.

Before leaving the northwest she had left her children with her first husband's people.

Shortly after settling in Ansted, Julia fell a victim to tuberculosis from which she died on September 4, 1831. But before her death she was able to have her youngest son, Stonewall, with her, and there is no doubt of the truth of the tradition that Stonewall Jackson as a child played with the children at Ansted.

When the day of her funeral occurred, the minister was Rev. John McElhenny, the famous Presbyterian pastor of the Old Stone Church at Lewisburg, whose parish extended from the head of Greenbrier River to the mouth of the Kanawha.

There is a tradition that on the day of the funeral President Andrew Jackson was passing through Ansted and stopped and attended the services.* There is no reason for doubting the truth of this tradition. It was on the road that the President traveled to and from Tennessee, and the act is characteristic of the man. Fayette County was formed that same year, 1831, and Blake B. Woodson was made the first clerk of Fayette County.

These are then the short and simple annals of Julia Beckwith Neale, but those crowded years were full of sorrow and suffering. She departed this life not knowing that one of her children would be a man known throughout the whole world. Each year adds new lustre to his name. But for this son the name of the poor suffering woman who was acquainted with grief would not be exalted over that of her sisters.

The story of Stonewall Jackson has been often told but I take the liberty to here set down some of the things that I have heard about him that appeal to me very strongly. Whatever may have been the intention of his mother and step father to make a new home for him in the New River country, after his mother's death, his home was at Jackson Mill. Here he lived the outdoor life of the farmer boy, and his schooling was very desultory. He had a spirit of adventure in him that developed at a very early age for he was the original Huckleberry Finn of America. His brother Warren, two years older than Stonewall, and Stonewall himself, aged fourteen and twelve years, respectively, becoming dissatisfied with life on the West Fork, made a raft and floated down the rivers a thousand miles until they came to an island in the Mississippi where they camped a whole winter, and subsisted by cutting wood to sell to steamboats. But both fell sick of malaria. A steamboat captain finding them sick, took pity on them, and sent them home to the mountains of West Virginia.

When his mother left for the New River country, Stonewall was but six years old, and the distance in point of time between the West Fork and New River was farther than the distance between New York and San Francisco. But there is no doubt that the little boy was with his mother before she died, and that it was after her death that he came to live at the mill with Cummins Jackson.

The reason that Stonewall was with his mother is owing to the fact that he was first sent to the house of one of his aunts, and he did not like it there. His uncle-in-law had the reputation for being near, and no doubt the child did not find his surroundings pleasant. Anyway he ran away and showed up at the home of his cousin, the one that married Judge Allen of the Supreme Court of Appeals. The lady was kind to the young runaway but she told him that he ought to go back and stay where he had been placed. He said: "Maybe I ought to go back, but I

* President Andrew Jackson was in Washington at the time of the death of Mrs. Woodson, so there can be no foundation in fact to account for the legend. His presence is proven by letters written on September 5th from Washington and from other records extant.—B. B. S.

am not going to." I wonder sometimes how he found his long, lonesome way to the southern part of the State. But a boy at twelve years who could take his place as a business man on the Mississippi River, would find his way at six years to the home of his mother in the same State without much difficulty.

I do not propose to write a life of Stonewall Jackson. It has been done so often. But I beg leave to write a little about him without going into tedious details. I have often heard my father speak of him. When my father was a student at Washington College, Jackson was an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, and the two school lots join. They were both Presbyterians, and worked and taught in the same Sunday School, and I have often heard my father speak of being there with him, but I never heard of Stonewall Jackson doing anything unusual or queer. I get the impression that he was a silent man—the kind of a man that it would take the sound of a battle to rouse. He was a praying Presbyterian and a military genius and a brave man.

The boy developed character at a very early age. General Jackson died before I was born, but I have seen and known a good many of his tribe, and I picture him as a powerful man mentally and physically. His grandfather, Edward Jackson, the Indian fighter, was a rugged mountaineer.

John Esten Cooke takes no account of the three long years that Julia Neale Jackson kept her babies under her roof at Clarksburg, tending to four little ones and keeping school. So Cooke makes out that he was constable at sixteen and immediately entered West Point, but Cooke's own record shows that Jackson was twenty-two when he graduated, in 1846, just in time to prove his courage and ability in the Mexican War.

Stonewall stayed with his uncle Cummins Jackson, at the mill for upwards of thirteen years, with the exception of the winter on the Mississippi in 1836. He was a hunter and a fisher. There must have been a great many fish in the mill dam in that day and time, for he let it be known that he would take orders for fish to be delivered as wanted in the nearby county seat, the town of Weston.

And just before he went to West Point, he was made a constable of Lewis County by appointment by the county court. About that time he had a chance at an appointment to West Point.

He had two powerful friends at the county seat in Jonathan M. Bennett, Auditor of Virginia, and Judge Matthew Edmiston, then a young attorney who had moved to Weston from Pocahontas County. These two and no doubt many other influential friends put forward the young man's fitness for an appointment to West Point. S. L. Hays, of Gilmer County, represented the district in Congress, and he gave Stonewall the appointment. Congressman Hays was the ancestor of the gentleman of the Tenth Legion, of that name, whom we still elect or defeat as the case may be.

Stonewall fought many battles and always managed to get the decision either by a knockout or on points. He had the country habit of early rising and he and his men knew how to get off quick on either a march or a charge.

His greatest feat was the manner in which he plucked victory from defeat at the first battle of Bull Run. This was near Washington, and the Federal commander had planned a play in the game that was meant to win. Having the Confederates stationed in an area that was to stop the advance of the Federal army, that army marched past them and pivoted on a point, so that the advance was in the shape of a fish hook, so to speak, and as they came marching back on the Confederates on their rear, they were sweeping everything before them, when they came to Jackson's Brigade. Jackson had his men charge in the bend of the hook and broke it in two, and then the Federals were scattered and the rear-guard put out for Washington as fast as they could lay their feet to the ground. Jackson tried to get a chance to march into Washington with them, but there was so much confusion, that the Confederates never got a command to pursue the fleeing army, and the one big chance of capturing the city of Washington was lost. I have often thought that if Jackson had it to do over he would have followed on his own authority. It was in this battle that Gen. Bee just before he fell dead on the battlefield said that Jackson was standing like a Stonewall. This was but half of it. He was like a ford—when he was still he stood, but when he went forward he went with irresistible speed and force.

CHAPTER XIII

The Battle of White Sulphur Springs in the Civil War When Averell Could Not Get Out of the Ravine.

Another article on the Midland Trail. I have written enough already to make a book on that highway and I have made only one round trip over it.

In recounting some of the Civil War activities of this region, it would not do to omit the greatest fight of all, the Battle of White Sulphur Springs, the time the Confederates built a fence across the road and said they should not pass.

On this road there were three battles at Tuckwiler Hill with but one name, and there was one battle at White Sulphur Springs, but it has three names. It has been called variously, Battle of White Sulphur Springs, the Battle of Dry Creek, and Battle of Rocky Gap. It lasted for two days in hot weather and it was a desperate encounter. Both sides had enough of it the first day, but both waited overnight to give the other a chance to withdraw, and when daylight came both armies were facing each other, and the battle was renewed, but the Federals had been getting ready to withdraw and retreat over the crest of the Allegheny Mountain to the east, so they fought for a while, until they could get their wagons loaded, and then they turned and went back the way they had come, fighting rear guard engagements for miles. But presently they came to some fine tall trees that the commander had ordered to be cut almost to the last blow, and as the last blue soldier passed, these trees came thundering down across the road as it lay at the foot of the narrow valley, and closed the road to travel for a day or so. The Federals made good their

escape on that retreat, save only one Pennsylvanian captain and his company. This captain instead of going into the fight where the bullets were falling like hailstones had turned to one side and finding a pleasant cove in which to shelter, he and his men were having a sound sleep when the withdrawing movement occurred. The Federals marched away and the Reds came on and found the sleeping company and captured them.

And in one of the wagons was another gallant captain who in the excitement of the battle, had drunk too much whiskey, and he had been skidded into a wagon to sober up and wait for a general court martial. And in those wagons were a number of dead soldiers, including Von Koenig and McNally, two gallant officers who had died in the charge at the fence.

In May, 1863, General Averell was given command of the Fourth Separate Brigade in West Virginia, his orders being to sweep the mountain country clear of Confederate partisan rangers. Averell had won his advancement in the Indian wars in the west. He was a native of the State of New York. He had his leg shattered by a bullet in the fighting with the Navajo Indians in the year 1858, that put him on crutches for two years. A study of the tactics used by Averell and Stonewall Jackson will convince you that they were very much alike in their handling of troops, their quick movements, and their unerring judgment. They were both West Point men, and both elders in the Presbyterian Church.

When Averell got his brigade, it first consisted of three regiments of infantry, the Second, Third and Eighth Loyal Virginia, and of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Ewing's and Gibson's batteries of artillery. It will be seen that this made a very fine little army of rifles, sabers and cannon to go rambling through the green valleys of West Virginia in the summer time. The first thing that Averell did was to buy each one of his soldiers a good horse to ride, something no other general in the mountains had thought necessary. It took no time at all to teach his soldiers to ride for every one of them had been raised on the back of a horse.

In the Alleghenies the mountains parallel each other like a lot of potato rows, and Averell could marshal his mobile force in some sweet spot near the Mason and Dixon line, and raid south through the troughs of the Alleghenies, passing from one to the other through the numerous gaps and passages that made the mountain country like a great maze. Averell's men were mountain bred and they took to the excursions that he laid out for them as to the manner born. Where other commanders had made little circles like the rabbit, the army of Averell swung wide like the red fox. A thousand miles was just a pleasure jaunt for the Fourth Brigade.

Averell started to organize his troops about May 16, 1863, and by July first he was ready to commence operations. Note that the Second West Virginia was a different regiment from the Second West Virginia Cavalry.

This was the season that Lee had led his ill-starred armies into Pennsylvania, and suffered his great defeat at Gettysburg, and was extricating himself the best he could by falling back towards the south in the broad valley between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain. Averell's first work was to march east and watch the passing of the Potomac and to

hang on the flank of Lee's army and thus the month of July was passed, harrying the defeated Confederates. He wound up at Winchester on July 30th, and stayed there until August 5th, in the morning. Then he got ready to go about his work of putting the Confederate armies out of West Virginia.

So Averell went jimmying around with his mobile little army on the Western Waters and it must have been a pleasant experience to ride with Averell.

Leaving Winchester on August 5, 1863, he marched the army over North Mountain and arrived at Wardensville, and the next day to Moorefield on the South Branch of the Potomac, thirty miles farther. On this day they met with Confederates and on the main line of march, Captain von Koenig captured a lieutenant and ten men of Imboden's command. But a company of the Pennsylvania regiment that had been sent on to Moorefield by way of Lost River turned up minus thirteen men who had been taken over by the Confederates. In addition four Federals were wounded and three Confederates killed and five wounded. Averell halted at Moorefield two days and on the 9th he marched on up the river eleven miles to Petersburg. He was short of supplies and he waited here ten days. He was needing horseshoes and nails and ammunition more than anything else. He had thirty-five rounds of ball cartridges to the man and when the ammunition did not come, he decided to go on with what he had, and on the 10th moved his rear thirty miles to Franklin. On the 20th of August he marched twenty-four miles to Monterey at the head of the Potomac destroying the saltpeter works five miles above Franklin.

Court was going on at Monterey and the court was speedily adjourned and the court officers were arrested. Here it was found that Imboden had been in conference with General Sam Jones as to the chance of making an attack on the Federals at Petersburg, and Averell learned here that a Confederate army was strung out on the road to Huntersville for the purpose of intercepting him. The Confederates were advised that it was Averell's objective to reach what we now call the Seneca Trail and to march south on it until the Virginia and Tennessee Railway was reached and to destroy it and return. Therefore the Confederates had been marching north to intercept them, with Col. Jackson sent with a regiment to Back Creek in Bath County to keep them from turning off to attack Staunton.

The troops of the Confederates in Greenbrier County were what was known as the First Brigade, Gen. Echols, but commanded this week by Col. George H. Patton. A part of this brigade was Edgar's Battalion. In addition Gen. William E. Jones had a small force that fell back from Monterey before Averell. The First Brigade marched north on the Seneca Trail to the Little Levels of Pocahontas County.

On the 21st Averell started to Huntersville, and halted his main command at Frost, a distance of about twenty-four miles, while some of his cavalry drove the Confederates down the fertile Knapps Creek Valley until they reached the Northwest Passage or the Narrows between Huntersville and Minnehaha Springs, a gorge in the mountains through which the Marlins Bottom and Warm Springs turnpike passes. Here they took a stand and in that canyon a handful of men might hold an

army. Averell learning about it at Frost, on the 22nd, sent Gibson's Battalion down the Knapps Creek road to make it appear that it led the army. Then Averell with his main army crossed over by the Hill Country road through the Shrader settlement. This is the road that climbs over Michaels Mountain that we used to use when the fords in Knapps Creek were in flood. By this means Averell rode into the deserted village of Huntersville, the then county seat of Pocahontas County, in the rear of the Confederates who were holding the Northwest Passage. A squadron of cavalry under Col. Ohley was sent through the Narrows and found the Confederates retreating towards Warm Springs. They were overtaken at Camp Northwest where there was a rear guard fight as they ran and the fight continued until the Confederates were driven through Rider Gap on top of the Allegheny, the line between the States.

Camp Northwest was the first elaborate camp to be built in the Civil War. It was located on the White farm on the Warm Springs and Marlins Bottom turnpike and there were substantial log buildings and much equipment and a lot of supplies there. The camp was burned on the 22nd day of August, 1863. The commissary buildings, stores, cabins, blacksmith shops, wagons, rifles, and so forth were destroyed, and a large lot of plunder carried away. All the wheat and flour in the mill opposite J. A. Reed's house was also destroyed. That night the Federals camped at Huntersville and waited for two regiments that were marching to join the Fourth Brigade by way of Beverly, Mingo, Marlinton. These were the Second and Tenth Infantry. On the 24th Averell marched his army east 25 miles to Warm Springs, Col. Jackson and Gen. Jones retreating before them to Millboro. Averell rested that night at Warm Springs, and having cleared the county of Pocahontas of three Confederate armies that had been there a few days before, decided to do the same for Greenbrier County and turned his army south and marched by way of Covington to Callahans on the 25th.

To keep Pocahontas County clear he sent back the Tenth West Virginia which went into camp at Marlins Bottom. This Tenth West Virginia which watched at Marlinton during the week of the battle of White Sulphur Springs was probably the most distinctively West Virginian of any regiment organized in the Civil War. It was the regiment of Gen. Thomas M. Harris. At the outbreak of the war General Harris was a practicing physician of Gilmer County, and he canvassed twelve counties and raised this regiment and was commissioned colonel. He served with great distinction throughout the war and it was his command that fired the last shot at Appomattox. After the war he served on the commission that tried the assassins of President Lincoln.

At the time he was in camp on our farms at Marlins Bottom, he had with him his twelve-year-old son, who had a horse of his own and who rode as the mascot of the Tenth Legion. This twelve-year-old boy is none other than the Hon. John T. Harris, the stated clerk of the West Virginia Senate, and the most popular man in West Virginia. It makes no difference as to the political make up of the Senate, he is chosen year after year, and has served in that capacity for thirty-two years, having been elected seventeen times in succession. He remembers all about the green fields edged by the clear running streams at Marlins Bottom and

has planned to come here next year and cover the ground over which his regiment campaigned.

The Echols army having reached the Little Levels and hearing that Averell had cut away to the east through Riders Gap, concluded that he was making a detour to the east in order to come into the Greenbrier Valley at the place that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway crosses the divide. In this surmise they were eminently correct. So they swung to the east and being mountain men, they found the way to intercept them. They turned and marched to the mouth of Anthonys Creek and across the bridge of the Greenbrier River and came out on the road that leads from Rimel to the White Sulphur Springs, and there marched south with Edgar's Battalion leading. When they reached the junction of the road with the Midland Trail they had sure information of the approach of the Federal army crossing the Allegheny Mountains. The Confederates built a fence across the Midland Trail from hill to hill, using all the fence rails that they could get convenient to that place. It was a strongly built barricade and it held through the two day's fight. The idea was that they should not pass. It was against this fence that charge after charge made by the Federals broke and failed. The Confederates were placed on the hillcrests commanding the barricade and they poured a devastating fire into every charge that was made against the fence. One charge was made with two men on each horse and that failed as the others had failed. I have talked to many men who were in that battle and they never could understand the persistence that the Federal troops showed to break through and charge the infantry posted on the hills. It seemed to them to be unnecessary slaughter.

Averell had moved at four in the morning and it was about nine o'clock that he arrived at the barricade across the road. His march lay through a narrow valley for about four miles from the foot of the mountain and his brigade occupied the road for about that distance. Von Koenig, the Pennsylvanian captain was in the lead, and he met his death in the battle. He was a brave and valuable officer.

The land was cleared and in fields at the forks of the road where the battle was fought. For perhaps a mile of the branch followed by the Midland Trail the land was open forming a narrow valley. There were a number of houses on the battle field.

The town of White Sulphur Springs lies about a mile west of the battle ground and there is a double valley extending north towards Pocahontas County and between the two valleys there is a dividing ridge, at some places approaching the height of a small mountain, and at other places it is worn down to very moderate heights. The Midland Trail at the forks of the road turns to parallel this rampart, and it was on this bulwark facing the barricade across a piece of bottom land that the most of the Confederate riflemen were posted.

The battle the first day commenced at nine in the morning and lasted to seven in the evening. It was the 26th day of August, and a hot, clear, summer day. The most vivid recollection that the Confederates have about it is the thirst that they experienced during that long day. They learned there to chew bullets and bits of gravel to endure the thirst.

The Federals got out their artillery and fired round after round. Their first work was to set fire to the Miller house with shells. Every now and then they would charge the barricade and be driven back. The Federals tried to flank the Confederates but the lay of the ground did not permit any wide encircling movement and whenever the Federals would climb one of the low ranges to get out of the little valley they were in, their movements could be seen and the Confederates would send out a force to meet them on top of the hills and there was nothing gained by that.

Both sides reported that they became short of ammunition. Averell had received a fresh supply of ammunition at Huntersville, and both armies had been moving rapidly and traveling light.

But there was so much powder burned in that long day's work that it is no wonder that the supply ran low.

Averell's hope was that some of the Kanawha Division, under General Scammon would be camping in the western side of Greenbrier County and hearing the cannon would come marching east over the Midland Trail.

Averell said that he had a column of horses four miles long in a narrow gorge and that added to his embarrassment in effecting any maneuver.

I think that there were two fences built across the Midland Trail that day. The Confederates were making a quick march to reach the forks of the road and Edgar's Battalion was in the lead and moving swiftly. When they got to the forks they marched up Dry Creek for about a half mile and built a fence and this was the fence that Captain Von Koenig first ran against in his position leading the Federal army and it is the one that was first charged. After a short time, and when the Confederates had built their much more elaborate stockade out of fence rails down where the valley opened out, the first fence was abandoned, and it was the second barricade that held the enemy.

It will be remembered that hundreds of the soldiers who were in that fight that day were from the Greenbrier Valley and those of us that knew these soldiers after the war have had a great deal of first hand information about that battle, especially about the repeated cavalry charges at the barricade where so many men were killed. And the Confederates always maintained that it was a desperate and useless sacrifice of men, especially the last charge that was made about four o'clock in the afternoon with two men on each horse. It looked to these Confederates who were pouring in the rifle fire that it was a great blunder on the part of some one.

Averell explains this charge by saying it appeared that he could get a part of his army over the low hills to his right so that they could intersect the Anthonys Creek road and march down in the rear of the Confederate position, and that the strategy was to make a desperate charge down the road and engage the attention of the Confederates by an effort to break the barricade, while the movement to the right was attempted. He says that the charge was splendidly made and splendidly supported by Major McNally's force; that they caused about three hundred Confederates to break and run at one point, but they were rallied and brought back by reserves. Averell said that he had issued commands for all the forces on the right to make a drive for the Anthonys Creek road, and that after the cavalry had failed, that he found that there had been no united effort

on the part of those companies to go forward while the charge was on, and that the effort failed. This will explain the reason of all the desperate charges during the day. It was to cover up the efforts made to get men to go to the left and the right in an effort to flank the enemy.

It was a day full of sorrow for Averell. It was his only defeat in some twenty-three engagements that he fought during his command of the Fourth Separate Brigade, but it was his first pitched battle. He lost about 150 killed and the Confederates about 60. Both suffered a large number wounded. The armies slept on the battle field. The next morning found no sign of Gen. Scammon coming from the west and the Confederates were as full of fight as ever, fighting as they did a defensive battle. After two mild demonstrations to cover his movements, Averell withdrew his troops back through the pass of the Allegheny and by way of Jacksons River, and Mountain Grove to Marlins Bottom where he picked up the Tenth and so on to Beverly. About Mingo they found a timber barricade but cut it away and reached Beverly by August 31st.

The battle can be plainly demonstrated upon the ground by anyone who has made a study of the dispatches from both sides, and it is well worth a trip to the White Sulphur Springs to see the lay of the ground and the nature of the contest.

CHAPTER XIV

The Battle of Lewisburg, the Fight That Won for Gen. Crook, the Grey Fox, Speedy Advancement.

They used to call it the James River and Kanawha Turnpike when it was little more than a trail, and when it became a broad highway surfaced and finished like a city avenue, they called it the Midland Trail. But in the Civil War it was in constant use by the contending armies. Most of the time these armies were able to avoid one another. Lewisburg is located in a long hollow place in the hills, and the road tops an eminence on each side. The Lewisburg people got used to the presence of soldiers, and they were accustomed to see the Grays disappear over the hill to the east, and westward look and the land was blue. Or if the Blues went over the western crest the eastern hillside soon was gray.

But once in a while these armies would stand still and fight. I have had a most trying time to get the battle of Tutwiler Hill figured out. A historian in one of the best known histories states that there was such a fight but that it was undecided, both sides claiming it. I have come to the conclusion that there were at least two fights at Tutwiler Hill, as well as a fight between that hill and Brushy Ridge that many think was the Tutwiler battle, so it is not too much to say that there were three battles.

This hill is in the Richlands, one of the garden places of the State of West Virginia. The first disturbance was when the Second Volunteer Cavalry, West Virginia, was ordered to sweep the Grays out of Lewisburg. They rode with some other troops, and came in the night time.

Col. Edgar of Edgar's Battalion heard of the advance and moved his troops to the top of the hill and disposed of them on the top of that hill and along the rail fences. That was the evening of May 1, 1862. They waylaid the road nearly all night, and he had given the strictest orders not to fire prematurely, but along about the small hours of the night they heard the Blues coming and they approached riding four abreast, talking and laughing and not apprehending any danger. A Confederate Irishman could not wait and fired his gun when the Federals rode up and warned them. In the fire that followed, twelve Federal soldiers were killed and seven wounded. No casualties on the Confederate side. The Federals retired in disorder, and by the breaking of day, a courier arrived under a flag of truce and asked for truce and it was agreed that a cessation of hostilities was to last from 6 a. m. to 11 a. m. This was the morning of May 2nd. Col. Edgar of the 26th, says in his official report that Col. Paxton, the Federal commander took advantage of this truce, granted to take care of the dead and wounded, to extricate his army from danger of capture. He left his surgeon and some men. The Federal surgeon reported to Col. Edgar that two men were so badly wounded that they could not be moved had obtained permission to stay at Mr. Tutwiler's and would Col. Edgar kindly lend him a surgeon to help amputate a leg, all of which Col. Edgar agreed to do.

Col. Edgar was a very gallant figure in the war. A native of Monroe and a highly educated gentleman, he went through the war much respected as a commanding officer. He fell badly wounded in the battle of Lewisburg. After the war he was president of a college in Alabama, and was offered the presidency of the University of West Virginia.

That there was a fight on Tutwiler Hill on the morning of the 2nd day of May, 1862, is proved beyond all doubt by the report of Col. Edgar printed in the records of the United States after the war. Now hearken unto the second fight at a place within sight of the first fight ten days after that. Bear in mind that we are talking about the eventful May, 1862, when a battle was staged in Lewisburg.

Just ten days after the first battle of Tuckwiler's Hill, the Second West Virginia Cavalry advanced again. This regiment had been divided into battalions. They joined the 47th Ohio Volunteer Infantry at Gauley Bridge, and marched to Meadow Bluffs in Greenbrier County. They attempted the same thing that Col. Paxton had failed to do, and that was 1862, when a battle was staged in Lewisburg.

Accordingly the cavalry was ordered to proceed during the night of the 11th of May under Major Hoffman and Captain Powell, over the road leading by way of Blue Sulphur Springs and to come into the turnpike at a point west of Lewisburg and between the Tuckwiler Hill and that place. Colonel Elliott marched his infantry along the pike. The orders were to join at daylight on the morning of the 12th of May. Edgar's Battalion and White's cavalry were camped in the fields on the west side of Lewisburg all about the junction of the roads. The two Federal forces arrived at the junction of the roads at the same time. During the night they had captured some Confederate pickets who had informed them of the position of Edgar's troops. Other pickets had escaped and informed Col. Edgar of the approach, and though it was still dark there

was no surprise on either side. The Federal forces charged the Confederate camp and those soldiers scattered and let them through so that no one was hurt in this battle. The Confederates retreated east and Captain Powell was ordered to pursue the rebel cavalry, and this was done with such promptness, that about daylight on that morning the people of Lewisburg were treated to a horse race on Main Street, the Confederate cavalry fleeing before the Federal horsemen. The chase was kept up to within a mile of White Sulphur Springs, and resulted in the capture of a number of prisoners. There was no number mentioned in the accounts that I found.

This was a second battle on the road just west of Lewisburg and there is no doubt about it. The Confederates prevailed in the first battle and the Federal forces in the second. These operations were leading up to a more serious encounter eleven days later.

After the second bout, the Federal forces returned to Meadow Bluffs, and the Confederates naturally gravitated back to Lewisburg, where they occupied the west crest, which belonged to them. It will be remembered that the year before that both Wise and Floyd had left the Kanawha Valley to be occupied by Federal troops, and that on the breaking up of winter, that the Confederate armies were anxious to regain that valley. Salt was manufactured there and it was a prime necessity. And the Federal forces by the same token were on their way to the east to whip Virginia back into the Union.

On the 16th day of May, 1862, Col. Crook, the Gray Fox, arrived at Meadow Bluff with other troops and proceeded to organize a brigade, the 3rd Brigade of the Kanawha Division, with three Ohio regiments and one West Virginia regiment. It has been stated that Crook had drilled his men hard the previous winter and that they were in fine condition. He moved forward quickly and marched through Lewisburg, the Confederates making way for him politely, for Crook had the first hard-boiled army that had as yet appeared on either side. They were winter drilled. They were allowed to march straight through on the pike until they came to Jackson River, and it was then discovered that there were no Confederate armies in that direction to be attacked. The only meat that they got that advance was six Moccasin Ranger captains, and the two officers and twenty-five men captured at Callahan Station. These fell to the Federal army as prisoners.

At Jackson River Crook learned that a Confederate army under Gen. Henry Heth was approaching the Midland Trail at right angles over the road that we now call Seneca Trail. This was the army that had wintered in Mercer County and they were coming to take over the Midland Trail and Kanawha Valley. Their line of march lay through Union and Ronceverte, and Crook saw that in marching east over the Allegheny Mountains that he had left the way open for a Confederate army to march between his brigade and the rest of his division at Charleston and other points west.

So he fell back quickly to Meadow Bluffs, passing through Lewisburg before Heth arrived. Close on his heels followed the Confederate battalion which took up its place on the eastern ridge overlooking Lewisburg.

At that time Lewisburg had a population of about eight hundred per-

sons and was one of the most important towns west of the Allegheny Mountains in Virginia. It had six stores, one newspaper, three churches and one academy. The Supreme Court of Appeals met in regular session there. It had a big brick tavern, and it was about as much like a city as was to be found on the Western Waters.

Henry Heth and George Crook, the leading characters in this campaign had been classmates at West Point. Lewisburg was to prove to be the place of trial by combat between the two trained officers, and was destined to see the defeat and ultimate end of Heth's military advancement, while, Crook was to commence there a military career second to none that was to continue through the Civil War and down to the year 1890, when he departed this life with the rank of major general, and fame that is as everlasting as the hills.

I have one document in my possession that indicates that Heth had arrived at Lewisburg over a month before in person and had looked over the troops at that place, for it is recorded that a delegation of prominent citizens from Pocahontas county had waited on him there and made complaint that while they were Confederates and for the south, that by an act of the Legislature of Virginia, authorizing the formation of companies of rangers or home guards, that Pocahontas County had been overrun by rangers and that the farmers of that county were being deprived of their horses and other property by their own rangers, and that unless the Commonwealth of Virginia could call off these dogs of war, they demanded the right to send for their young men then serving in the Confederate armies to come home and protect the farm from these depredations.

Heth required them to make the charges in writing which they did, the specifications being dated at Lewisburg, April 4, 1862, and signed by William Skeen, prosecuting attorney of Pocahontas County. He blames the hasty legislature that made the rangers possible, and the force that he complained of was the famous Tuning company, which was afterwards surrounded and wiped out in Webster County. He charges Tuning with killing three men, Arbogast, Buzzard and Alderman. With three robberies. Fifteen or twenty horses stolen. Heth forwarded the papers to Richmond.

On the morning of May 23, 1862, Heth marched his army by way of Ronceverte and in the early morn placed his line on the east crest just as Crook and his brigade came to the western brow and deployed to the right and to the left so that he formed a line of his hard-boiled infantry in a line along about where the woman's college buildings stand. Then, as now, two principal roads run north and south through Lewisburg. One runs by the courthouse and one by the military school. The one by the military school is about half way up the eastern hill, and at that time it had heavy rail fences on it. Heth has been criticized for not putting his infantry behind these fences. He had them much higher up. There was a great rye field up the hill from these fences and it was a forward season and it was high enough to hide a crouching man, and as they tell it to me, Heth's men tried to take advantage of this cover when it was too late.

There was heavy timber out towards Mr. H. Frazier's country place, and this was the only cover that Heth had, and that did him but little good when they crumpled up his right wing, and defeated him. The Confederates had some artillery and they fired many shots into the town. One shell burst in the vestibule of the Negro church. Another went down the chimney of the Cary home, and the Cary girls, the belles of the town, went to work while the battle was raging its fiercest, to carry out the debris, and keep the mansion from burning down.

Crook had built sheds for drilling his soldiers the previous winter and worked them hard. After the heavy firing began and the shell and minnie balls were raining down on his command, he moved the infantry forward and secured the road that leads by the military school, and his men sheltering behind the rail fences poured in a devastating fire on Heth's men at from two to three hundred yards range, and it speedily became so deadly that flesh and blood could not stand it and Heth's men turned and faded away towards Ronceverte, on the road on which they had so recently marched to the battle ground. As Heth so sadly reported to the war office, after being allowed to pick his place, and with a vastly superior force, he had been defeated.

When the Confederates gave way, then came the spectacular charge. It will be remembered that Main Street lies at right angles and across the hollow that is Lewisburg, and that for an hour or so, Gen. Heth had been rolling cannon balls down that street towards Crook, like a lot of bowling balls, but when the galling fire from the rail fences put him out of that, five hundred blue-clad cavalymen charged the whole length of that street and hung on the flanks of the fleeing Confederates. That was the grand finale, and it was a day full of sorrow for Lewisburg, for it was solid for the south.

One of the charging cavalymen rode too close to the edge of the road, and his horse slipped on a flagstone and fell sideways, rolling the rider over into the front yard of a residence, where he had to be helped up.

I suppose the only living man who saw that battle is Marcellus Zimmerman. He was eleven years old and was out in the center of the battle field during the whole fight riding a stick horse and playing that he was a horse soldier.

After the fight was over on that beautiful May morning, the work of gathering up the dead and wounded began. Many were found in the deep rye. Col. Edgar was shot through. His bloodstained sword is still to be seen in Ronceverte. The wounded were cared for by surgeons and the town people. The dead were laid out on the floor of two churches, the Old Stone Church, and the colored church.

In this short and swift fight lasting not over thirty minutes, the Confederates' loss was 80 killed, 100 wounded, 157 prisoners, 4 cannon, 25 horses, and 300 stands of small arms. The Federal loss was 13 killed, 50 wounded, and 6 prisoners.

The Federal cavalry drove the Confederates across the Greenbrier River at Ronceverte. Heth reformed his army at Union and rested there for a month, and Crook tried to bring on another battle on June 24th, at Union, but Heth retired over Peters Mountain.

At Lewisburg, the Federal troops that charged up the hill were three regiments of Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the 36th, 44th and 47th.

Among the Confederates at Lewisburg was the father of J. H. Buzzard, of Huntersville, who has held many important offices in this county.

Crook remained in Lewisburg for sixty days after the battle and then fell back to his camp at Meadow Bluffs.

Of all the battlefields that I have studied, I know of none quite so dramatic as Lewisburg. Fought in a mountain town, before breakfast, and combining rifle shooting, artillery fire, infantry charges, and cavalry, all in a sleeping little city whose inhabitants awoke to hear the cannon boom and the rifles speak, and who had no time to do anything in the way of escape until it was all over.

I see I did not finish what I started to say about the Tunings, the dreaded outlaws mentioned by Gen Skeen to Gen. Heth. These were three brothers out of the northwest who ravaged this section of the State for years during the war. The three brothers were Al, Fred and Jack Tuning. The name was probably Chewning. They had the settlers buffaloed and they would come to a farm with their followers and demand to be kept, and no one was brave or foolhardy enough to deny them. They harried the country for years, but finally they were surrounded by about thirty Federal soldiers on leave. The outlaws were in the house of James Dyer, on Gauley River, in Webster County. James Dyer was one of the best citizens. He was the first county superintendent of schools of Webster County. The Tunings attempted to run and Al and Fred were shot and killed. Jack got away and went to Ohio, where he landed in the pen. The Tunings were wiped out March 4, 1864.

Now as to the third battle of Tuckwiler Hill. Hu Maxwell says that on April 19, 1863, the battle of Tuckwiler Hill was fought. You will note that this was almost a year after the other battles. The Federal dispatches call this the battle of Brushy Ridge, a hill about five miles west of Tuckwiler Hill, and it is probable that it was fought between the two places, for the Federals rode into an ambushade and suffered severely. Gen. E. P. Scammon in command of the Kanawha Division ordered Col. Paxton to reconnoiter Lewisburg, and as he rode with the 2nd West Virginia Cavalry, he encountered Edgar's Battalion and suffered a loss of fourteen men as well as losing a large number as prisoners. Col. Paxton, a gallant officer, on making his report to Gen. Scammon was summarily dismissed from the service by the irate general. Gen. Powell took his place.

Here is the truth about the Tuckwiler Hill fights. On one side in each one of the three encounters was the 2nd West Virginia Volunteer cavalry, and on the other the noted Edgar's Battalion. This is the reason that they run together in the minds of the careless historian.

CHAPTER XV

The Salt Wells of Kanawha Valley and Whether the Stream Ebbs and Flows Like a Tidal River. Some Say it Do.

Continuing to write unto you about the Midland Trail, which is the way I long have sought, I would remind you that it is a passway across the State of West Virginia from the crest of the Allegheny Mountains at White Sulphur Springs to the Ohio River at Huntington. It is a hard-surfaced road and is remarkable for its sudden and violent contrasts. One hour a tourist is in the city streets and in another hour he is in the midst of what looks like a wrecked world. It is the kind of driving where it is better to hug the bank than it is to hug your companion.

In a general way it is about the same kind of a march that the Revolutionary army made across the peneplain in 1774 when they were trying to cut down Cornstalk. It winds in and out and gives the tourist a great variety of sights.

It cuts the State of West Virginia in two so that about two-fifths of the State lies south of the trail, and that is where the people are congregating that make up the population of the State. We have been getting more numerous of late years. West Virginia has more people than had the combined area of Virginia and West Virginia in 1861, when the war broke out. Those old-time golfers who went out in '61 and came home in '65.

A generation ago Prof. Samuel Brown, the geologist at the University, explained very patiently year after year, to student ears that heard not, that the mineral wealth of the southern part of West Virginia indicated that the population would gradually center there, and to be more specific, he said that the time would come when the town of Huntington would be the greatest city between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and that having attained an ascendancy would thereafter maintain it. All this has come to pass.

And a man of a younger generation now is pointing out that there is untold wealth in New River coal in the county of Randolph, and his words will be remembered some day.

We are used to green fields and pleasant pastures in the blue grass section where I live, but down the State coal is king, and the concentrated extract of vegetation is what makes the country rich. I branched off the Midland Trail to go to Princeton and saw evidence of much mining wealth. The Virginian railway gives time for the grandeur to sink in for it takes about eight hours to win through from Princeton to Charleston. I made myself a nuisance on the train by trying to find out what watercourses I was following, for so many did not think it was of any importance. But you cannot know your West Virginia without getting a working knowledge of the watershed. As near as I could figure out we left the waters of East River and crossed over to dally with the headwaters of Bluestone River, and leaving that to cross the divide to the waters of Guyan River, where the city of Mullens sets in the forks

like the town of Durbin in the forks of the Greenbrier. Then to the waters of Coal River, Paint Creek, and other waters of the New River.

The streams I had learned from the pioneer reports and the maps. One day Congressman Taylor and I were rolling down the Midland Trail and when we approached the town of Malden, we began to inquire for the Burning Springs.

The Kellys Creek that I wrote about is still there. I wrote about it and then went to see it. The town of Cedar Grove is built there as is an old mansion house known as the Tompkins Place. The Journals of the officers in Dunmore's War would indicate that Kelly's cabin was almost exactly where the Tompkins house stands.

Col. Fleming says that nine miles below the mouth of Kellys Creek the burning springs were to be found. He observed that they were on a high bank and consisted of two basins some three or four feet in diameter, and these were filled with water. When he came there he found the basins full of black water that had a greasy taste. It boiled and bubbled some three or four inches above the surface, without either emitting air or heat so far as he could see. The springs had no apparent outlet but the water seemed to escape by soaking through a fattish earth. From them there was a descent to a miry place of fat, black mud where there was a fallen tree and grass. The water as it boiled was black and had a slight sulphur smell.

He flashed a torch over the water at a distance of four or five inches and the flame communicated itself to the surface of the water and burned with surprising force, like a cooking fire of ash wood. After burning a long time the water heated and evaporated. After a time the party tried to put the fire out but was not able to do it. They piled grass on it and it consumed the grass.

The other day we could see no sign of the burning springs but we did not have much time to look for them. Two citizens resting by the roadside said they knew about as much about them as anyone and that they did not know whether they could be definitely located or not, but that tradition said that they were near a certain stump of a tree that stood near the river.

Another tradition says that in the olden times it was a favorite place for boatmen to camp as they could cook by the fires.

Another ancient account says that the burning spring was about eighty yards from the river bank in alluvial soil. In 1842, in boring for salt, the depth of a thousand feet was reached. This was the record for a deep well at that time and a copper pipe was inserted to shut off the surface water. The salt water and gas flowed into the cistern sixty feet above the surface of the river. One well was obtained that spouted a stream of mingled gas and salt water thirty feet in the air, and this when lighted at night made a brilliant display.

The Big Lick was somewhere about five miles above Charleston, that is, above the mouth of Elk River and this is the place that the first well bored by white men for salt was located. That was in 1809. It was the place that the Indians used to make salt. That the Indians made salt here rests on the fact that remains of rude pottery vessels were found here in great abundance which would indicate that they were used to boil

and evaporate the water for salt. At a garage on the Midland Trail above Montgomery, the proprietors being of the class that hankers after things that others idle by, have been collecting flint and celt Indian relics, and they have a bit of pottery picked up on the Kanawha River.

About a hundred years ago close by the Big Lick was a rock called the pictured or calico rock; on it the Indians sculptured many figures of animals and birds and other records. Unfortunately it was needed to make furnace chimneys and the rock was destroyed.

It is a pity that the sign was not allowed to stand. It was of the kind known as petroglyph or rock carving. In this case it was probably a set of symbols carved in the rock and colored. They have about given up the idea that these writing were made to preserve wise thoughts or historic happenings. In the case near the Big Lick salt spring belonging to a very fierce tribe locally referred to as the Salt Indians, it might be inferred that a loose translation of the petroglyphs was something like this: "Notice. This is private property. No trespassing by hunting, fishing or making salt. Keep off. This means you."

There is a tradition of a bearded gentleman from New England who was traveling along by the salt works boring where a well was spouting finely. He had heard that such wells were often accompanied by a flow of gas that could be ignited. He got hold of some fire with his flint and steel and touched the well off and was badly burned, and had to lie up for repairs at Charleston for a long time. It is related that the owner of the well being a good deal damaged by the fire visited the injured man for the purpose of collecting from him, but the stranger was such a pitiful sight that he forebore to bother him about it.

It has not been so very long since wagons went down from the Greenbrier Valley to the salt works on the Kanawha for salt.

It is generally conceded that the original name among the white people for the Great Kanawha River was Wood River, named in honor of Gen-Abraham Wood, whose place was Fort Henry, at the falls of Appomatox River where Petersburg, Virginia, is located. He was a great Indian trader and explorer and was the first to discover that the Great Kanawha River cut all the mountains in two. He had probably mapped the river correctly as early as 1654. His was the name it bore for many years. A great river, four hundred miles long, rising in the State of North Carolina and flowing northeast for a hundred miles and gradually turning to the west and finally running true to the dip of the strata northwest to where it joins the Ohio. It is said the word Kanawha means the river of the woods. The trouble about the mutters that pass for words in a savage tribe is that they can be construed to mean almost anything, and the fate of the word lies in the ear of the hearer. The white men have almost a hundred ways to spell Seneca, and finally they adopted the spelling of the name of the ancient philosopher.

I got out my books to see if I could check up on the meaning of the word and it looks to me that it means the river of the great elms, and that is not so far from the river of the woods.

Now since I made a few observations about Batts and Fallam, I have been over the ground again, and I am about ready to abandon the northern route and come back to my first conclusion that they came over the

southern route. It is somewhat puzzling to follow them. But it is possible. For they kept a journal of each day's travel, and I am about ready to adhere to the belief that they pursued a line of march along Indian paths conforming very closely to the line of the Virginian railway from Roanoke, Virginia to Deepwater, West Virginia, only that they came to the Great Kanawha River at the falls. The terrain at the village of Kanawha Falls answers the particular description that Batts and Fallam give as to the place where they took possession of the Mississippi Valley in the name of King Charles the Second.

When Batts and Fallam made a solemn report that the water in the Kanawha River ebbed and flowed with the tide, we took it for granted that they did not know what they were talking about, but when I got down there the other day, I found that there was a belief that there was some sort of an ebb and flow of the tide, but I do not feel at liberty at this time to give the name of the observers. But there are more things in this world than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio! Therefore, the attention of those uninteresting men, the exact scientists, is invited to this phenomena. I would not care to have the weight of such worlds of science upon my back. I would rather be a dog and bay the moon.

I have not even a jibboom to go searching for tides, but I offer a few golden thoughts on that subject. In the first place the river lies east and west and the moon or whatever it is that affects tidal rivers may coincide with the orbit of its axis in such a way as to magnify its circumference and produce an oscillating isochronism. Who can say?

But in the days of the early salt wells there was a phenomena that has never been satisfactorily explained but which may have a bearing on the ebb and flow of the tides of Kanawha. In those days the salt wells and they were there by the hundreds, fifteen miles on either side of the stream, were bored by going from three to five hundred feet below the bed of the river. The surface water was then carefully excluded by copper pipes which were well wedged into the solid rock, and the result was that the salt water, the desirable commercial fluid would at all times maintain a level with the river of fresh water. When the river rose the salt water in the tube, maybe hundreds of feet from the water's edge would rise like mercury in a thermometer and would subside with the stage of water in the main river. This is given as a historical fact in sober histories, and is not more wonderful than the tides of Kanawha. It may have some bearing on the subject.

No one knows quite so much as he thinks he does, so do not dismiss these dull scientific musings in disdain.

The river was first named from Gen. Abraham Wood, and about that man there is high color and romance. He was about ten years old when he stowed himself away on a ship called the "Margaret and John," sailing out of old England and he was landed on our shores at Hampton Roads in 1620. Up to 1645, he cannot be definitely traced, but he shows up in 1646 as the commander of Fort Henry an outpost of Virginia. It appears that from 1607 to 1644 our pioneer ancestors never left the hearing of the sea, but that about 1644 the Indians killed so many of the first settlers, that it became necessary to fortify against them and that

the plan was to erect strong forts at the falls of each of the rivers. Thus Fort Byrd was built at the falls of the James at Richmond, and that town was thus begun. Another was called Fort Henry at the falls of the Appomattox River, and that in time became the city of Petersburg. Wood commanded there. The Indians were subdued and westward the star of empire took its way. After a few years Virginia found it burdensome to maintain these forts and a bright idea was given to some ancient statesman, that these forts could be well treated as concessions to Indian traders, and in this way the watch and ward would be kept without expense to the State. And it was done.

Wood got Fort Henry. He had a wonderful trade with the Indians in south and west. He went through the woods at first himself, and I see no good reason to doubt that he reached the Great Kanawha in the year 1654, in person. That was the reason it was called Wood River.

But in 1671, when Batts and Fallam were sent across the mountains, they said it was a pleasing though dreadful sight to see the mountains and hills as if piled one upon another. Rest easy Captain Batts. It has the same effect today upon the lowlander.

Wood was a man of sixty-one years and he was sending out agents to trade for him. Furs became a great source of gain. Dryden wrote in 1672:

Friend, once twas fame that led thee forth,
To brave the tropic heat and frozen north,
Late it was gold, then beauty was the spur,
But now our gallants venture but for fur.

One of Wood's agents captured by the Indians was horrified to see them singe the fur of a beaver to eat it, and that was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Shawnee towns in Ohio.

Wood was not on good terms with a tribe that lived on the Great Kanawha about fifty or sixty miles above its mouth. He called them the Monetons but who are classed as Mohetans, a cognate tribe of the Tutelo, the tribe of the great chief Nastybone. These Mohetans had moved over from Roanoke to the salt springs of Kanawha. Batts and Fallam found a bit of level land where they had once lived at the Falls of the Kanawha, but it was overgrown with locust, and other growth that causes some historians to put the expulsion of the Indians from the Western Waters in the year 1656, by the Five Nations. But be that as it may, a strong colony of Mohetan Indians still lingered around the Big Lick just above Charleston, for Batts and Fallam were afraid to go closer to them than the falls in 1671.

In 1674, Wood sent James Needham and Gabriel Arthur into the Indian country south of Fort Henry to trade, and they got along pretty well until some of the tribe of Indians went to the far south and were killed for their furs by white men. Needham was killed by the Indians in retaliation, and Arthur was tied to a stake and fire set around him, but at the last minute he was saved. He conformed to the life of the tribe and later he went on a ten-day journey to visit the Mohetans at the Big Lick. Here he was allowed to swim in the river several times and he

found that it was fresh water, but he observed that it ebbed and flowed. He reported that it was the same river that Batts and Fallam had visited higher up on its course.

When the Indians took in their furs to Fort Henry they took Arthur with them, and he was able to relate the fate of his companion, James Needham. Wood writes: "So died this heroyic Englishman whose fame shall never die if my penn were able to eternize it. He had adventured where never Englishman had dared to attempt before and with him died one hundred and fourty-foure pounds starling of my adventure with him. I wish I could have saved his life with ten times the vallue."

I am getting this Midland Trail and its history somewhat straightened out in what I am pleased to call my mind.

When we consider that this great mountain country tributary to the Midland Trail has been the scene of the lives of millions of people. When it was freely predicted by historians and writers not more than a hundred years ago that this country would never be inhabited, on account of its rough and mountainous surface, and that only the bear and the other wild animals would ever be found here. When we remember that this rugged land has given to the country great men, beautiful women, and richness beyond computation, it is apparent that it affords an inexhaustible subject for books, and that the best that the most voluminous writer can do is but to mention a few among a myriad of subjects which add to its renown.

I was moved to make the Midland Trail a subject, because so many other writers have been affected the same way, but who were not able to continue any considerable length, probably owing to the immensity of the supply of material. And I find that I have used my space up without making more than a beginning.

PART II

THE SENECA TRAIL OR THE GREAT
NORTH ROAD

The sparkling streams that wend their ways
Through pleasant valleys, fair and bright,
Woods where the flickering sunbeam plays,
The peaks lit by the morning rays,
That sweep away the night.

The cliff that rears its frowning face,
The driving snow, the storm's wild strife,
The somber, serried heights that space
The confines of a rugged race—
They weave a spell on life.

O West Virginia, thy good name,
Thy people breathe in love and pride,
The glory of thy days and fame,
Shines with a steady glowing flame,
Time cannot dim or hide!

O mountaineers who rule in stead,
Of those who lived to make men free,
Each mountain peak that lifts its head
Is towering over gallant dead,
Who left their work to thee!

The time may come and that not long,
When greed and hate their deeds complete,
Humanity from out the throng
Looks to the hills to right the wrong,
And raise her to her feet.

INTRODUCTORY

The Seneca Trail is the name that has been given to the great highway running from the north to the south boundary of West Virginia, through the trough-like valleys on the eastern border of the State.

Three rivers lying end to end water these valleys, Cheat River, Greenbrier River, and Bluestone River.

It takes its name from the warpath of the Seneca Indians as formed after the treaty of Albany, 1722, had confirmed the act of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, making the Allegheny Mountain the division line between the lands allotted to the Indians and the lands that could be settled by the white people, a line that was observed with more or less fidelity until the Revolution.

A well-traveled road was established by the Seneca tribe, the most powerful of the Six Nations, over which they traveled from the waters of the St. Lawrence to the northern part of Georgia, and as this followed their eastern border in West Virginia, they were at all times informed of the acts of the bold white settlers in breaking the agreement to remain on the east side of the divide.

The old warpath is still visible in many places. In a general way it follows the highway, first on one side of it and then the other. In many places the two roads occupy the same space.

These articles touch some of innumerable incidents that occurred in the region served by the trail. As long as they are, they are as a drop in the bucket of the rich history of this road.

CHAPTER I

The Seneca Trail connects with the Wilderness Trail. Captives of Abbs Valley.

When we get the Seneca Trail opened up the Greenbrier Valley will come into its own in this way, that we will be in close touch with a country that has been close to us but closed against us by the mountains. We will be open to the southwest portion of Virginia and in touch with Tazewell, Russell, Grayson, Washington counties. Our own kind of people. That throws us once more convenient to the Wilderness road of song and story that Daniel Boone blazed into the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky. The Greenbrier Valley settled up with pioneers first and the lure of the setting sun led the pioneers that felt crowded west. They did not go as we go now towards Cincinnati for that was a country strongly held by hostile Indians. We found a way to slip between the dangerous Cherokees of the south and the Shawnees of the Ohio country through Kentucky. And in doing this we would work down through the southern end of the Valley of Virginia. Pretty soon there were enough people to justify a county. A lot of them stayed on the Holston on the border of North Carolina, but many of them took the turning to the right and settled Kentucky, and while the fate of the Kentucky settlement hung in the balance many years, the inevitable retreat of the victorious Indians took place before the endurance of the white people. So they cut off a county from the lower side of Botetourt County, and called it Fincastle. That took a part of West Virginia, South West Virginia, and all of Kentucky. A big lot of territory later surrendered to North Carolina, and Tennessee was also included.

It was settled and managed largely from Staunton. Col. Wm. Preston was the colonel of that county. He lived in Staunton for the most part and made frequent trips to Fincastle County. Michael Price seems to have established a home down there, center of a Welsh community. It was on Toms Creek, then if not now, Montgomery County. Preston would make appointments to meet persons at Price's. They were no kin to me. They had this set of Prices up for being loyal to the crown, whereas all of the Greenbrier Valley Prices were fighting for the Republic.

The Bluestone River that flows so far to meet the Greenbrier River leads into Tazewell County, and Road 24 ought to give us a chance to explore that Bluestone River country. I would not be surprised to learn in a few years that next to the Greenbrier that the Bluestone River country will be very important and well known to us.

At the head of the river is Abbs Valley, the scene of the tragedy concerning the Moore family. In 1775, James Moore, Jr., settled there. He was born in Rockbridge County, then Augusta. His father was an emigrant of the Lewis colony. Moore moved to Abbs Valley with his wife and a family of three small children. The land was rich and in nine years he prospered exceedingly and had as many as a hundred head of horses and other stock in proportion. The first nine years were passed in peace and safety, but in 1784, his second son James, fourteen

years of age, was sent to a distant pasture to bring in a horse. While on his way he met a party of three Indians—a chief named Black Wolf, so called from having a black beard, and two Indian boys. They were Shawnees.

At our house there used to be a little book called the "Captives of Abbs Valley," and it made a deep and lasting impression on my young mind. I remember that it said that when they moved there in the spring of 1775, that they could carry little or no flour and meal and that to get bread they had to wait until the corn ripened. The nearest thing to bread that they had to eat was the breast of wild turkey. I think it was in this book that it was related with great fervor how provisions of all kind had about disappeared when a fine buck deer showed up one Sunday morning, and though the necessities of the family were great, they could not bring themselves to fire a gun on Sunday. But it pleased fate to make the deer repeat his visit on Monday when it was duly slain. It never occurred to me to pity the poor deer.

But the thing that impressed me most was the perfectly delightful adventure that young James had by being captured by the Indians and carried away on a march of twenty days to the Chillicothe towns and being adopted into the Indian tribe. According to our way of looking at it he was in the best of luck. The chief, old Black Wolf, had a time with the three boys. They not only killed deer but they got some buffalo. They all had big loads to carry and did not carry meat. So when it came on to rain they were three days without food. On the fourth day they killed a buffalo and made broth out of the paunch and broke their fast that way. At Chillicothe they traded James Moore to a sister of Black Wolf for a horse, and it was not a good horse at that. He lived with the Indians then and had a good time. In the same way I used to envy Robinson Crusoe and greatly desired being cast away on an island.

James Moore remained in the Indian country for years. There he discovered his sister, Mary Moore, in rags and destitute, a prisoner.

On the 14th day of July, 1786, occurred the massacre and capture in Abbs Valley. It was during wheat harvest. About thirty Indians crept close to the house and fired. Two children, William Moore and Rebecca Moore, were bringing a bucket of water from the spring. They were killed at the first volley as was Alexander Moore, a child, playing in the yard. Mrs. Moore and Martha Ivins shut the door of the house. Another occupant was John Simpson, an aged man in bed sick. A bullet through the logs killed him. The Indians cut the door down and took prisoner Mrs. Moore, Martha Ivins, John Moore, Jane Moore, Mary Moore, aged eight, and Margaret Moore, an infant. James Moore, the father, ran to the house and was shot as he crossed the fence and fell dead with seven bullet holes through him.

The Indians then went towards their towns. The baby was killed by dashing its brains out against a tree. The boy, John, was tomahawked because he was too weak to travel. When they reached the towns, Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane were tortured, both dying a dreadful lingering death. It appeared afterwards that the reason of this cruelty was the appearance of a war party of Cherokees smarting under defeat

and determined to put to death the first white persons they could lay their hands upon.

Mary Moore retained a copy of the New Testament all through the period of her captivity which lasted three years. The brother of Martha Ivins, Thomas Ivins, having made his way through to Detroit, was able to secure the release of his sister and Mary and James, and they all came home to Rockbridge County by way of Pittsburgh in one party.

Martha Ivins married a Mr. Hummer. They moved to Indiana. Two of her sons became distinguished Presbyterian preachers.

James Moore grew to manhood in Rockbridge County and went back to Abbs Valley where he raised a large family. He was a prominent and respected citizen and a leading member of the Methodist Church.

Mary Moore married Rev. Samuel Brown, pastor of the New Providence Church, the Church with a History. Mary Moore Brown lies in the graveyard of that church. She had eleven children all of whom were noted for their devout religious lives. Five of her sons became Presbyterian ministers.

Mrs. H. W. McLaughlin, the lady of the manse of New Providence Church, is a lineal descendant.

We have all been taught to revere the name of Mary Moore. Some day a historian will arise who can do justice to the theme and who can form the gallery of fame of the great women of the mountains of pioneer times, and among those names will be the names of Mary Moore, Margaret Lynn Lewis, Mary Vance, Elizabeth Dunlap, and many others who have been too long neglected and obscured by the fame of the fighting side of the house.

CHAPTER II

*Battle of Droop Mountain. Tenth West Virginia saved the day.
See Blue Book 1926 for another Chapter.*

If this article had a head it would be called the Confederate Alibi. It is about the battle of Droop Mountain and the fight was won on points by the Federal forces. But it was a convention in the Civil War practiced by both sides to magnify a victory and minimize a defeat. In this way both sides kept their courage up during a four-year period of great tribulation. The Confederates blocked the road and the Federal army made an attack and drove them from the position. Or rather the Confederate army withdrew gracefully and intimated to the Federal army that if it wanted that place they could have it. It had ceased to be either safe or comfortable.

In November, 1863, there were no considerable Confederate forces anywhere in West Virginia except in the Greenbrier Valley. That was held by the Confederates from its head to its foot some one hundred and seventy miles on the Virginia frontier, protecting Virginia from attack from the west. General Kelly in command of the department of West Virginia gave orders to General Averell at Beverly and General Scammon at Charleston to send armies to meet at Lewisburg and drive the

Confederates out of the valley of the Greenbrier and to go as much farther as they, in their discretion, deemed expedient.

Averell took his army over the Seneca Trail and Scammon sent General Duffie over the Midland Trail, and they met by appointment in Lewisburg, November 7th, and found one Confederate army over the border.

Averell came into the county by the Staunton & Parkersburg Turnpike and turned south at Travelers Repose. At that time the Confederate troops were stationed as follows. At Glade Hill in the upper part of the county was Captain W. L. McNeel's company. At Edray Captain J. W. Marshall was in charge of a detachment watching the Marlins Bottom and Huttonsville turnpike. Colonel W. W. Arnett had a regiment at Marlins Bottom in comfortable log houses getting ready to winter there. Colonel W. L. Jackson had the main part of his regiment, the Nineteenth Virginia Cavalry, at Mill Point. Colonel W. P. Thompson was away with a portion of this regiment on an expedition to Nicholas County and had got as far as the foot of Cold Knob in Greenbrier County. General Echols had the main part of the troops at Lewisburg.

McNeel's company discovered the advance in the upper part of the county and a messenger was dispatched at once and he brought intelligence of the movement to Arnett at Marlinton. Averell moved quickly and but for the courier getting through he would have surprised the Confederates in their camps. As it was, the McNeel soldiers got too close and four of them were captured and one wounded. That was John Adam McNeel, whose horse was shot down and the soldier got a broken leg out of it. The main camp of McNeel's company was cut off and they escaped by going up Galford's Creek and crossing the Allegheny Mountain to the waters of Back Creek. They continued south and had got as far as Callahans, in Allegheny County before the battle of Droop Mountain was pulled off.

Arnett got his regiment out of Marlinton by the skin of his teeth, as it was. He sent off a horse soldier hot foot to Captain Marshall at Edray to come on, telling him that he was going to barricade the road on Price Hill, and for him to march on the back road and come to the pike at Mrs. Kee's. This place was at the top of Price Hill. Arnett cut a lot of trees across the road and dug some of it away on that sliding hillside.

The exciting days for this neighborhood were Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th of November, 1863. Then it was that the biggest battle ever fought in West Virginia occurred.

Arnett pulled his freight at sun down on Wednesday, and Colonel Ohley moved into his deserted log cabins at dusk.

There is only one road between Marlinton and Mill Point and Averell with his main army at Huntersville had laid a plan to capture Arnett's force by sending Ohley down the pike to get Arnett started south, while Colonel Harris moved his forces down Beaver Creek to get ahead of him by blocking the road at Marvin Chapel where the two roads unite. The strategy of Averell would have succeeded but for Col. W. P. Thompson's efforts. That morning Thompson had been recalled from Cold Knob with his cavalry and was unsaddling at his old camp at the John S. Kellison

farm, when W. L. Jackson's courier rode up and told him to hold the Beaver Creek road. Thompson immediately took a squadron of his cavalry and hot-footed it to the Beaver Creek country. This was a narrow road used for years as a short cut from the Little Levels district to the county seat at Huntersville. Thompson got several miles up that road and spent a pleasant evening in cutting trees across the road and falling back and firing as he fell back so that the Federal army was considerably delayed in getting to the fork of the road, and Arnett got by.

On this expedition, Averell had with him some signal experts, the art of signaling then being perfected by the experience of the armies in the Civil War. It was arranged that the main corps would stay at Huntersville, while other signal troops would go on to Marvin Chapel where they would use rockets to communicate the position and success of the movement. At Huntersville, Merritt went to the top of the knob to observe the signals and Dornicke went on with the troops to report. It was arranged that the rockets were to be sent up at 8 p. m., and Merritt waited on top of the knob until 10 p. m. and seeing no rockets, he went back to headquarters. It afterwards appeared that Dornicke was not able to send up his rockets until 11 p. m. and they were not observed at Huntersville, though the Confederates saw them red against the sky. They were a sort of a new departure in mountain warfare. Thompson and his blockading tactics had interfered with the march so much that the army was three hours late.

Thursday was Mill Point day. Mill Point has never been given the credit for the baptism by fire that she had that day because what occurred next day at Droop Mountain, five miles south, has overshadowed it to such a great extent. There was enough powder burned that day at Mill Point to fight a great battle. The Federal armies were at Stephen Hole run and on the hill between that run and Mill Point. The Confederates formed a battle line along the banks of Stamping Creek for a mile or more and their artillery was on the hill just south of Mill Point. When the guns began to thunder it occurred to Jackson that his battle line was just the right distance from the Federal batteries to be in range of grape shot and he withdrew his army by having them slip silently up the stream until they were hid by the bend of the mountain, and he took them out by the flint pits.

And having gotten his troops under way he looked up to the long smooth summit of Droop Mountain and decided to take his stand there, and by nightfall he was in camp on the crest looking down on the Federal army as they kindled their fires in the broad fields of the Little Levels.

On that Thursday, the Federal troops at Marlinton got word to cut out the blockade and move on to Mill Point and before they left they burned the log cabins that the Confederates were to winter in. The fire wall of one of those cabins is in my front yard. My father would not allow it to be disturbed in his lifetime and it will be preserved. A few years ago we found a big machete buried there.

On Thursday, too, General Echols at Lewisburg, heard that they were converging on him from Charleston and from Beverly and he got busy. He sent a regiment west on the Midland Trail to hold Duffie and got his